JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

NEWS! — no more "White lies"

THE NEW TOOTHPASTE WITH AN AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT!

★ BRITISH PATENT NO. 259942
MORE THAN JUST WHITENESS; THIS WONDERFUL NEW INGREDIENT PREVENTS TARTAR, COMMON CAUSE OF DENTAL TROUBLES

How many people have relied on the "white" appearance of their teeth—believed that they were in good condition because they *looked* clean—and then found that their teeth were *white lies*—covered at the back with TARTAR? You cannot rely on the *appearance* of your teeth; you must make sure that they are not "white lies."

Ordinary toothpastes claim to keep teeth white. Solidox, the amazing new toothpaste, does *more* than merely whiten teeth—it *protects* them too. Ordinary tooth-cleaning cannot possibly remove tartar. Solidox is not an *ordinary* toothpaste. Solidox will *prevent* tartar forming on your teeth and will remove it if already present.

Solidox alone does this because Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains the unique ingredient covered by British Patent No. 259942. This wonderful new ingredient is proved to prevent and remove tartar, common cause of dental troubles. Even if your teeth are badly discoloured Solidox will help to make them dazzling white again and keep them free from tartar.

Solidox works with a solvent action so gentle that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of the teeth.

Start now to give your teeth regular Solidox care. Use Solidox twice a day, see your dentist regularly—then you can be sure that your teeth are as clean as they look!

SOLIDOX

MAKES DULL TEETH WHITE
KEEPS WHITE TEETH RIGHT

6d BIG TUBE

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FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies., Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co. Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES. CLUBS.

AGENTS Wanted.—Ea on'an Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Choes., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. 29), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

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XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigon's, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Fry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. F.C. brings Wonderful Catlg. & Comm. Terms.—Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 200-page Cat Terms. Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 40), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS AGENTS Reserve now the finest 1939 catlg. Choes., Toys, Cigs., Footwear, Drapery, Fancy Goods Tip-top Com. Finest quality goods. Free gifts, Big Cash Prizes. N.A.C.C.O. guarantee. Marvel Gift Club (N.), Thorpe, nr Wakefield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, see our Unbeatable terms before deciding. Best Gift offer YOUR CHOOSING. Prizes, Satis. Gurtd. Gift NOW every applicant.—EMBASSY (Dept. 9), Brighouse.

CASH Comm., 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free, Xmas Club Agents wtd. Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge coloured art Catalogue of Choes., Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), Bradford.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for partics.—SAMUEL DRIVER LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

£1,000 and over in prizes and generous commission offered to agents for our Private Christmas Cards. Turn your leisure into money and write immediately for samples of the most beautiful and varied selection of Christmas Cards in the country. Apply, G. DENTON & Co., Ltd., Dept. 28B, ACCRINGTON.

CHRISTMAS Club Agents wanted. Free Gifts and best Comm. ever offered. Send for Free Cat., etc., and compare our prices. N.A.C.C.O. Guarantee. E. Millett & Son, Ltd. (Dept. G.), Sheffield Road, Barnsley.

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Does your Supplier give YOU the N.A.C.C.O. GUARANTEE?

WE give the N.A.C.C.O. seal of Security to Agents who apply for our 1939 Xmas Catalogue. Highest Comm. Free Gifts, etc.—Write, Rawlings Clubs, Ltd., Gift House, Hull.

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A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A, BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

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desiring a REALLY OUTSTANDING SAMPLE BOOK of Private Christmas Cards with HIGHER COMMISSION and BETTER PRIZES should write at once for the FAMOUS 1939 "VICTORIA" SERIES. A TRULY MARVELLOUS COLLECTION OF DAINTY CARDS, SUPERB CALENDARS and AMUSING NOVELTIES. Published specially for discriminating Agents by BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD SPECIALISTS. Book free. Carr. paid.
JONES, WILLIAMS & CO.,
Dept. 637,
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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

FREE.—Illustrated catalogue of all makes of Cameras for cash or easy monthly terms. All interested in Photography should write for this catalogue to Dept. D., City Sale, 99/94, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, or, for 1/- post free, you can get an excellent book on Photography, "Minitography & Cinetography."

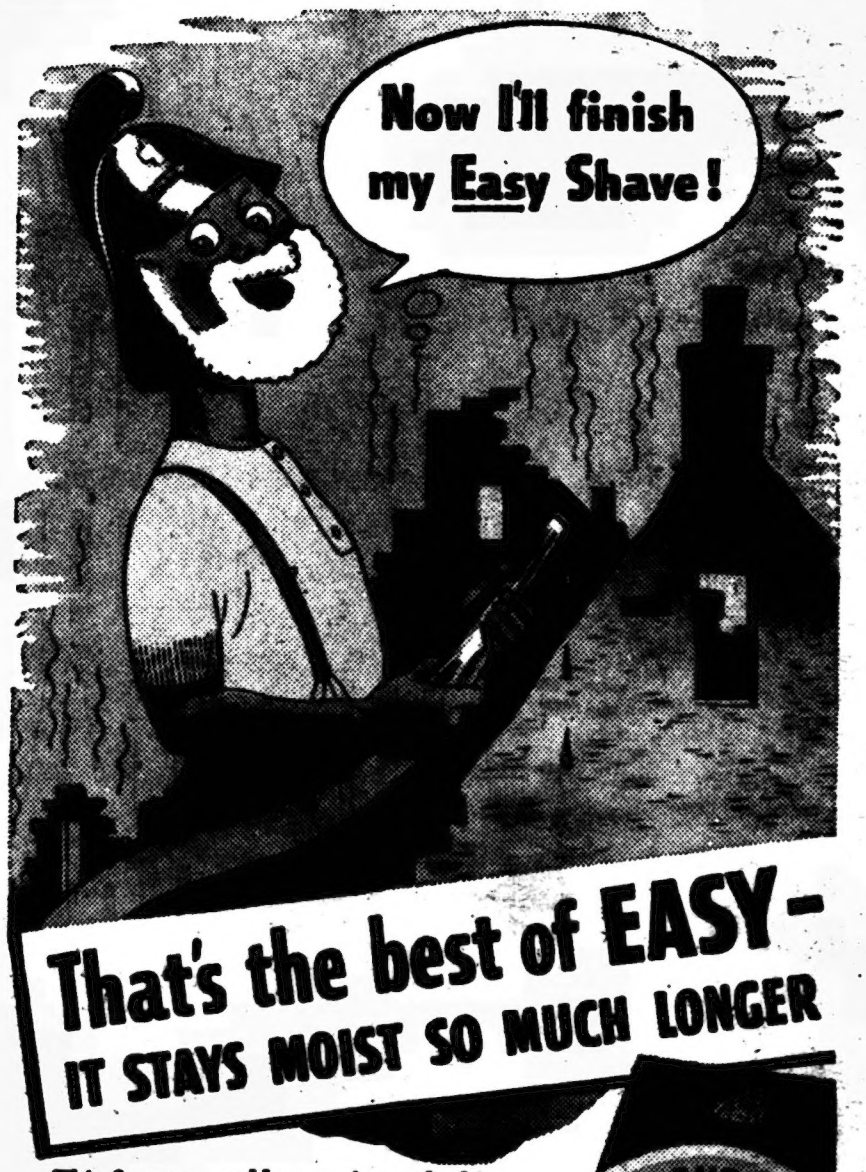
GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

DON'T overlook the free bonus trial offers of remedies for common ailments on page 33. Free booklets can also be obtained.

FREE.—Every woman reader of this paper can obtain a special package of New Vest. Send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., to Dee Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32L), Cunard Rd., Acton, London, N.W.10. See p. 31.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover for free sample of Elasto, the new bio-medical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.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That's the best of EASY-
IT STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER
This fireman would go up in smoke himself if you offered him any shaving soap except Easy! He knows how ordinary lathers are apt to dry up before you've half finished shaving; the beard stiffens again and . . . ouch! where is that cotton wool?
But Easy's rich lather stays moist all through the shave—every stubborn bristle is completely softened and stays so. With Easy the toughest beards are swiftly swept away without a murmur.
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LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK
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DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.38, 65, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (320Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-22. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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MEN are now accepted for training as ARMOURERS, WIRELESS OPERATORS, FLIGHT MECHANICS and FLIGHT RIGGERS, MEDICAL AIRMEN, EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS, TELEPRINTER OPERATORS, INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS, ELECTRICIANS, BALLOON OPERATORS, MOTOR-BOAT CREW, PHOTOGRAPHERS, etc. Age limits, 17½-26.

There are also vacancies for skilled men in the following trades:—FITTERS, METAL WORKERS, TURNERS, ELECTRICIANS, CARPENTERS, MOTOR DRIVERS, COOKS AND BUTCHERS, CLERKS.

Apply at any Post Office for copy of free booklet or at the R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

REDUCE GIRTH with the new Special Body-guard Belt offered by Fitterwear, Ltd. See page 2.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning John Bull to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.O.W. See page 23.

IT'S a tempting treat for a tired man and a feast for a hungry one. John West's Middle Cut Salmon. Every tasty morsel is full of nourishment. See page 22.

IF you want a good shave use Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. Its rich lather stays moist and every stubborn bristle completely softened. 6d. buys an economical stick. See display ad. on this page.

SPECIAL News to Pipe Smokers! Although Bondman Tobacco is available in 1-oz. vacuum tins at 1/1 per oz. tin, you can also get it in 1/- packets, guaranteed the original standard blend. See page 28.

KELLOGG'S golden corn flakes are so deliciously crisp that nobody can resist them. They are quick and easy to serve—for there's no cooking, so you save time and there is no messy saucepan to wash up. Start the day right with Kellogg's—the 30-second breakfast.

THE A B C of health. Apples. Bulmer's Cider. 2½ lb. of Apples to every flagon of Bulmer's Woodpecker (medium sweet or "dry") can be obtained at 10½d. a flagon in England and Wales only (1/- in Scotland). Made by the largest Cider makers in the world. See page 25.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning John Bull, to John Bloodman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return.

STEPHENS' pens are precise and perfect writing instruments, with the simplest filling device in the world. They flit at a touch, release ink in an effortless, easy flow and cover the paper with indescribable smoothness. Stephens' Pens can be obtained in any kind of nib, which you can choose for your own type and pressure of handwriting.

FREE.—Several Hillman Cars are offered free in a series of simple Competitions, also many consolation prizes. All you have to do is to complete the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . ." in 25 additional words or less, and attach six wrappers from Outspan, Goldband or any other brand of South African Oranges, and send in your entry, together with your name and address, to Outspan Oranges, J.B. H.2, Minx Dept., 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE latest word! Solidox, the amazing new toothpaste, does more than merely whiten teeth—it protects them, too. 6d. buys a big tube. Start now to give your teeth the care they deserve! Solidox prevents tartar, a common cause of dental troubles, and works with a solvent action so gentle that it cannot harm the delicate enamel of your teeth. See special Front Cover Announcement.

DURING the month of August the manufacturers of San Izal household disinfectant are awarding £100 in prizes for special slogans. Absolutely free entry forms giving full particulars are issued with every 6d. bottle of San Izal, which you can get everywhere and at your local store. The first prize of £100, a second of £25, a third of £10 and £120 in consolation prizes of 10/- must be won. Since April the following have won a £100 each:—Slogan: "San Izal, the Knell of Smell." Slogan: "San Izal Kills Germs In a Sprinkling." Slogan: "San Izal and Germs are Opposite Terms." Can you beat them? Enter at once. There is no entrance fee. Just a simple slogan may win you that £100 or any of the other prizes if you make up your mind to send in your attempts now while you think of it. The competition closes on August 31st. No entry can be accepted after. Full details are given on page 29.

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Five popular sizes. After ea
turn to us. We will make 6
5½ x 3½ in. at 2d. each. No
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6d JERON
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NOW 3/- P.O., Cheque or
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YOUR personal appe
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Your hair. If you fin
or patchy, grey or lank,
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and prove for yourself
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Five popular sizes. After exposure return to us. We will make 8 postcard prints 3½ x 3½ in. at 2d. each. No charge for developing spool. Failures credited in full. Enclose P.O. 1/6 crossed "&CO." and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals and send to

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FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, edg. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send

COMPLETE WITH HANDLE 2/6 CARR. 6d

NOW 3/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to: Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

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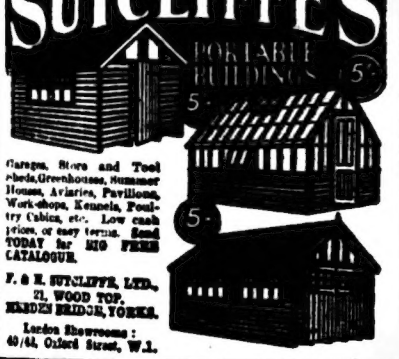

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Multi-coloured tiles always look their best when polished with Cardinal (Transparent) Polish. Rariches the colour and is so easy to use.

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Sufferers from HAIR TROUBLES

YOUR personal appearance means everything to you. Don't neglect it—particularly your hair. If you find your hair going thin or patchy, grey or lank, perhaps you are even going bald, get full particulars of the Godfrey offer. Accept the FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of Hair Tonic and FREE BOOKLET, which explains all about this system of Hair Culture and prove for yourself that new vigorous, "live" colourful hair can be yours, NOW! Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Frederick Godfrey, Dept. J.B., Whitstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire, enclosing two 1½d. stamps to cover postage and packing.

RETAILERS!

Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" will enable you to receive orders for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 28, 57/58, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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WHICH IS THE BEST BARGAIN HERE?

Merely state on a postcard which advertisement in this week's "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" you consider offers the best bargain and the reason why. For the best 12 replies we offer

12 SURPRISE PRIZES

Write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and address to Manager, John Bull Postal Bargains, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Replies should not exceed 50 words. Any number of attempts on separate cards may be sent and there is no entrance fee. The Advertisement Director's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition. Last day for entries, Aug. 9th.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31

3d 18ct GOLD

For 10 years this watch will give you faithful timekeeping. Advance 1939 model, lies snugly on wrist and fitted with a damp-proof, shock-proof, Geneva lever movement, which is proof against electricity, vibration and shocks. Send 3d. deposit and 3d. for packing and post—if satisfied send 1s. 6d. within 7 days and 1s. 6d. fortnightly until 14s. 6d. is paid in all. Cash price 12s. 6d.—Ladies' model 2s. extra. This is a liquidator's stock, worth double, so send 6d. P.O. now to receive this amazing bargain on approval.

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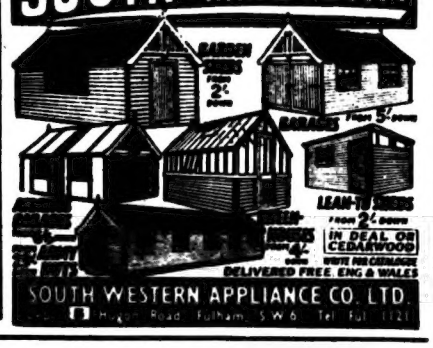
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Relief from Pain within 3 minutes

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CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a miracle in cases of **Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles. Headache, Toothache, Earache and other pains vanish as if by magic.**

INSOMNIA RENIPAS One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep even though this has not been enjoyed for years. is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy, it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. For over a quarter century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

TESTIMONY Having tried your wonderful Powders, I have nothing but praise for them, and I have advised every one I know to take them. The first powder I took was marvellous, I was feeling very ill and too weak to walk across the room, and I took one of your Powders, and in less than half an hour I was like a new woman. If anyone had told me what they would do I would hardly have believed it.

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Discovered by a Doctor. Prescribed by Doctors. Used by Doctors.

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Each of which will perform a miracle for you.

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Explains Marvellous

NEW WAY of COOKING

WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, that is, with the exclusive "Regulo" Control. Get particulars at once of this amazing way of cooking and a FREE Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S 24/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

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1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fire-side Seat

FULL SIZE

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69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, 2/6, Eng., Scot. and Wales.

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Tailor made, all sizes, in popular Light Grey, Medium Grey, Blue Grey. Two hip pockets with flap and button, side slant pockets, extending waist band, adjustable tunnel belt. Can be worn with or without braces. Satisfaction assured. State waist and leg measurements, also shade preferred.

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10/- POST PAID

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THIS WEEK 25/- ONLY Previously £7.7.0.

30 DAYS' TRIAL **FREE**

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Non-Battery Dept., 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.)

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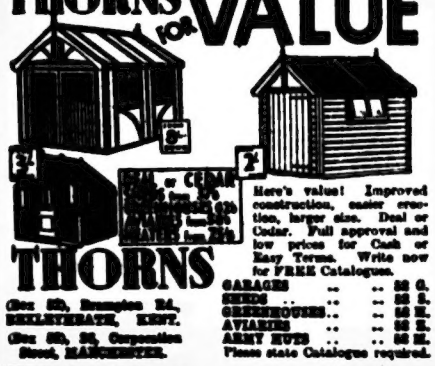

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All Belts supplied on approval.

SEND 6d. ONLY

for postage and packing, together with upper, centre and lower abdominal measurements

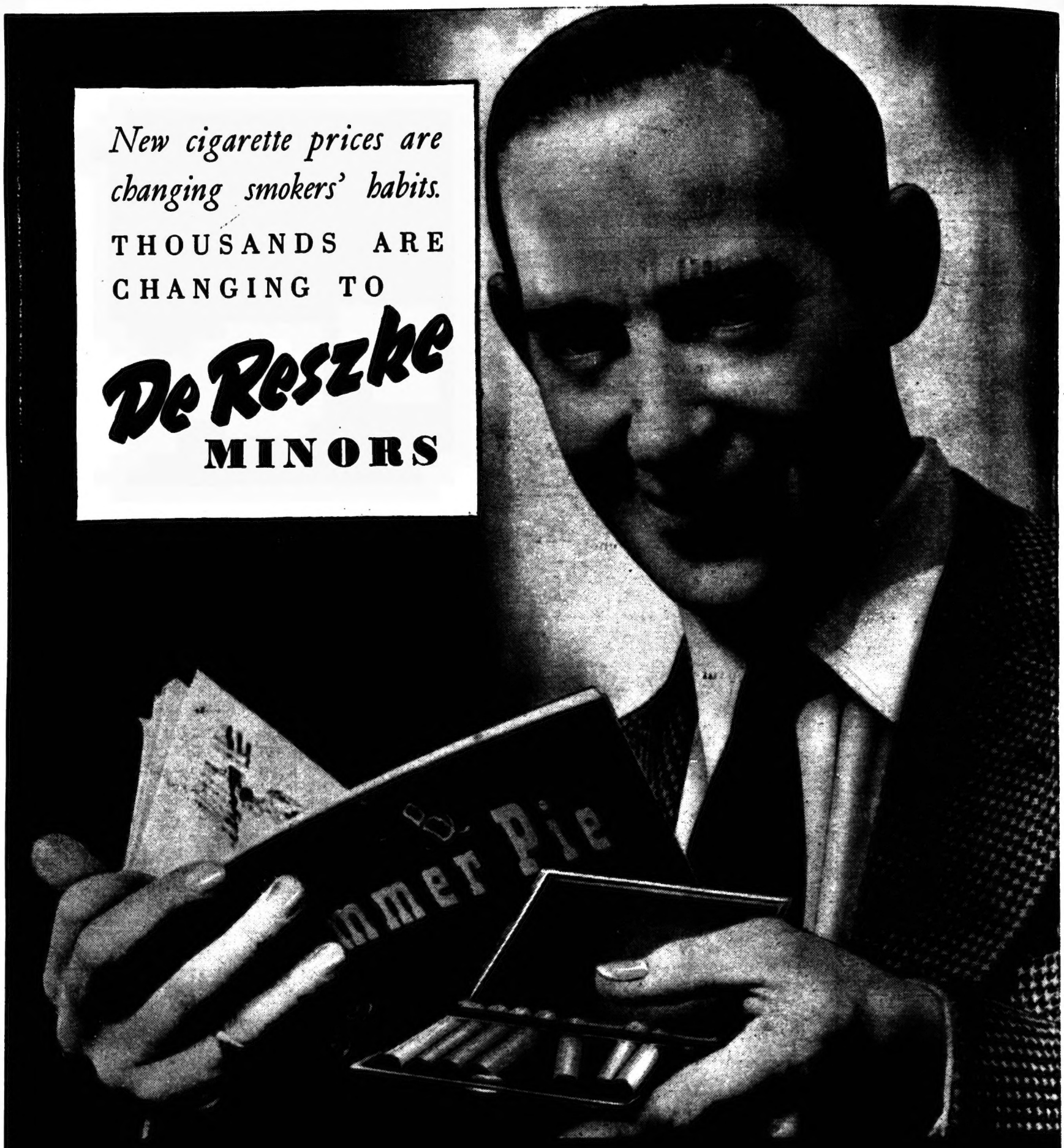
Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Fitterwear, Ltd., 428, Piazza Chambers, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

New cigarette prices are changing smokers' habits.

THOUSANDS ARE CHANGING TO

De Reszke MINORS



If CLAUDE HULBERT *offered you a cigarette it would be a* DE RESZKE *- of course*

De Reszke MINORS *in taste, quality and packing are the equal of much dearer cigarettes; and although they are not quite so large they last the full 10 minutes.*

10 for 4½d. 20 for 9d.
Also in pocket tins for 1/- (27 cigarettes)

De Reszke MAJORS, extra large, 10 for 6½d.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Great Defence Scandal

ENOUGH to embitter a saint is the way your money is being wasted on defence needs.

Even hard-headed Lancashire business men are fuming at the utter negligence of the Government in placing huge contracts for uniform cloths.

So Simple

Orders worth hundreds of thousands of pounds are being given to one-man, one-room concerns. The agent just puts the order in another envelope and sends it down the street to the manufacturer whose samples are his stock-in-trade.

For that little job he draws a commission of 1½ per cent.

Middleman's Mite

It doesn't sound much. But in two months the Government has placed textile contracts totalling £10,000,000 with agents.

So £150,000 of your money has been given to middlemen who reap but do not sew.

Up and Up

Manchester business men insist that such big orders should be given direct to the manufacturers. So does JOHN BULL.

In Birmingham, armament work is similarly bringing fortunes to commission men. Contracts are handled scores of times, with the cost rising at every stage.

And our Ministers have the audacity to assert that there's no extravagance!

Racketeers

We can tell them, too, that newly appointed Territorial officers are finding it impossible to buy uniform and kit on the official allowance of £40. Most are having to spend a further £20 from their own pockets.

Military tailors are taking advantage of the rush of orders to profiteer. And Whitehall can't be bothered to control prices.

Share Tactics

Again, butchers are trying to cash-in on the present situation. Some are impudently displaying posters advising the public to register with them so as to ensure the issue of ration-cards in any emergency.

Trade associations, stigmatising this as

(*Continued overleaf*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

AT HOME—

Our air defences are glumly described as nearing "high pitch of efficiency" by German experts in report to Goering.

* * *

Even more than our bombers' flights over France, fact that we are spending £2,000,000 a week on new 'planes is causing Axis dismay.

* * *

As "practice stations" for the R.A.F., five Southern France airports have already been chosen; Marseilles will be the headquarters.

* * *

Footnote to the German Loan affair: Mr. Hudson will be given new post which does not bring him in contact with foreign diplomats.

And it will mean promotion. He'll get the Cabinet post we tipped for him six months ago.

Despite German denials, Berlin knew that Herr Wohltat would discuss "appeasement" when he came to London for the Whaling Conference. So did you. We told you before he arrived.

* * *

Wonderful new electrically controlled device, the "Convoy Clock," has been fitted to all our important ships.

It will enable them, under convoy in wartime, to change course automatically when threatened by any hostile submarine attack.

* * *

Watch for sensational disclosures concerning funds of a charitable institution allied to the stage, and to which the public has contributed largely.

* * *

More than £45,000 is the back income tax payment demanded from a famous English film star and music-hall artiste.

* * *

Under official consideration: compulsory notification by doctors of adult mental cases treated by them. Reason: police difficulty in tracking sex murderers and other criminals.

* * *

Death-ray devices are reaching the Air Ministry at the rate of a dozen a week.

* * *

Four meetings of rural Tory M.P.s have taken place in the last fortnight on £2-a-week minimum for farm workers. Bitter note has been sent to Minister of Agriculture. Result: new wage proposals will be put forward before Parliament reassembles.

—AND ABROAD

DON'T WORRY ABOUT DANZIG. WATCH HUNGARY.

NAZI CHIEFS NOW PRIVATELY REPEAT "JOHN BULL'S" TIP THAT HITLER WILL PROBABLY MAKE HUNGARY HIS REAL OBJECTIVE. HE NEEDS THAT COUNTRY'S CROPS, ITS OPEN DOOR TO POLAND AND RUMANIA. AND IT HAS 700,000 RESIDENT GERMANS.

* * *

Hence Dr. Goebbels' decision to spend £1,000,000 on propaganda in Hungary.

* * *

Swiss reservists have been given rifles and ammunition to keep at home—for fear of surprise invasion.

Switzerland, of course, would be an essential Axis base if an attack on France were intended.

* * *

Dutch defences are also being reinforced, but secretly, so as to avoid giving offence to Germany.

Holland would be Axis base for attack on Britain.

* * *

In improbable event of war, other Nazi moves would be: German-Italian armies' lightning stroke against Egypt and the Suez Canal; Italian occupation of Corsica; four German armies to march on Poland from different fronts.

* * *

Theory is that Poland could be smashed within three weeks, before Britain and France could recover from surprise air attacks to send troops to aid the Poles.

* * *

NAZI ADMIRALTY IS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT ITS NEW S-BOATS, WHICH CARRY A CREW OF NINETEEN, ARE EXTREMELY FAST, AND ARE ARMED WITH TWO TORPEDOES, TWO ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND MINES.

* * *

Ciano has become Italy's real ruler. His father-in-law, Mussolini, cannot be seen even by ambassadors of friendly countries.

* * *

Exiled to a small island without trial, Italian politician Martire is victim of a spy who heard him criticise Foreign Minister Ciano.

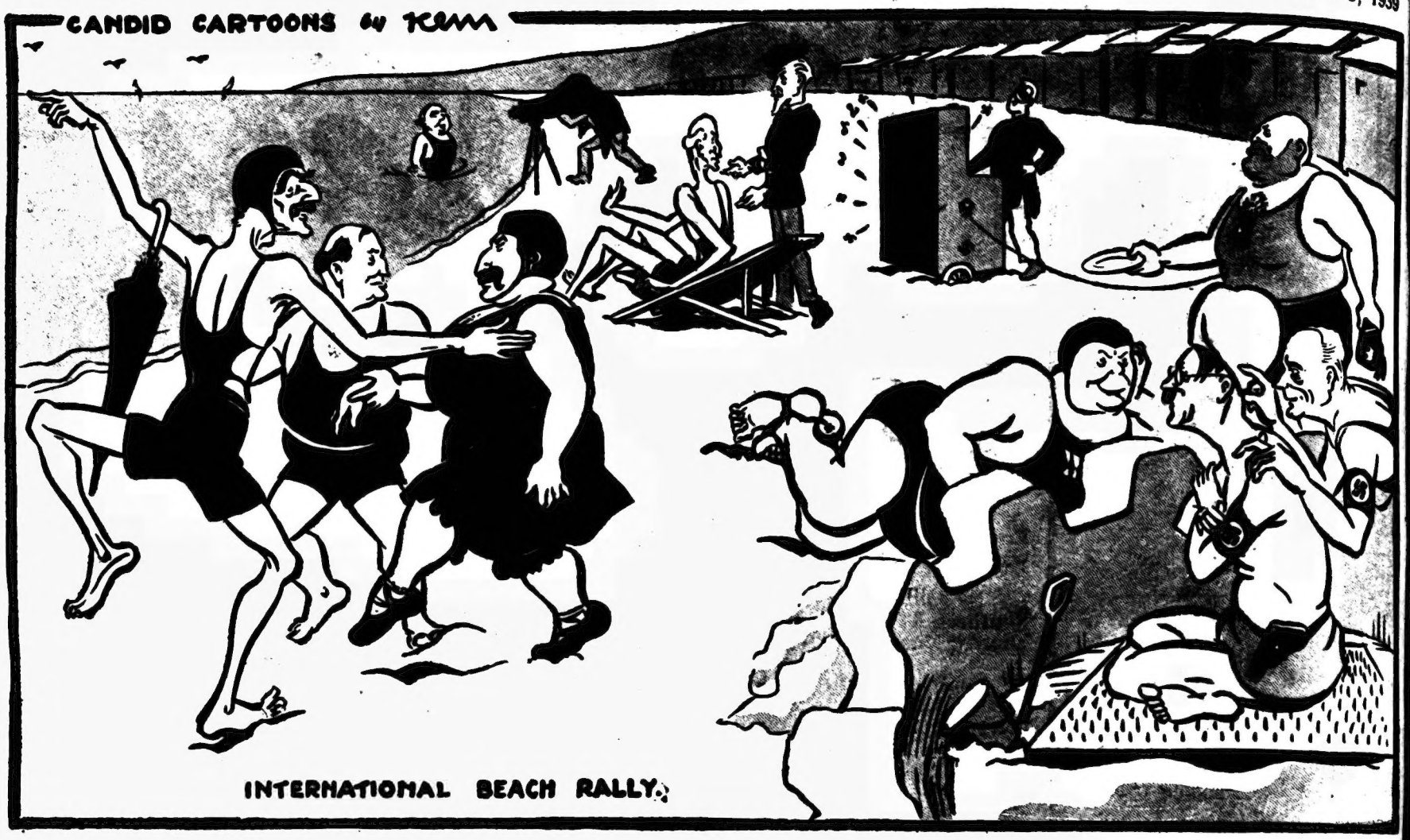
* * *

Still no danger of war in Mongolia. Japanese onslaught on Russian frontier is largely showmanship—like their yarns of bringing down 650 Russian 'planes in a week.

* * *

China expects to hit back at Japan in late summer. Aeroplanes are arriving from the U.S.A., so are 600,000 army lorries.

These fervent Hungarian Nazis may get their big chance soon



Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

Unseal Your Lips, Sir Samuel! Sentencing the Poor to Pain

unfair competition, are trying to stop the racket—as dishonest a one as we can imagine.

Through the Nose

Just as egregious is the Government's advice to you about laying in emergency food stores. You might find it easier to adopt if a fairer price system was laid down.

Farmers get 4d. or 4½d. a pound live-weight for lamb. You pay up to 1s. 6d. a lb. So with other foodstuffs.

Not even a marketing board can justify the inflated prices which prevent the public from buying more.

No Mercy!

Especially abominable in these times, therefore, are short-weight offences. The maximum penalty should accompany a conviction.

Magistrates at Castleford, Yorks, have imposed a £15 fine on a trader who slipped paper under a scale.

Other Benches which think a £1 fine big enough merely encourage the evil.

Inhuman

Nor can we find a single word in defence of the British Medical Association's veto on the right of midwives to administer anæsthetics to women in childbirth.

The B.M.A. has done good work in the past. That will be overshadowed by this monstrously selfish decision.

Sentenced to Agony

Like the B.M.A., we want it made possible for even the poorest expectant mother to receive a doctor's attention.

But to enforce agony on thousands of poor women who cannot afford medical help—just for fear that fully equipped midwives might steal a few fees from the doctors—is a prostitution of the physician's craft.

Denial Denied

Next on the carpet is that national physician, Mr. Walter Elliot, our stern-jawed Minister of Health.

He rebuked Dr. Summerskill, M.P., for complaining that panel patients could not freely obtain the new pneumonia cure, M. & B. 693.

Since then, Dr. Summerskill has received many letters from doctors who have been told that if they prescribe the drug they may be surcharged.

For which we pass the rebuke back to Mr. Elliot.

Secret Samuel

Nor are we in the mood to cheer Sir Samuel Hoare. If, as Home Secretary, he is satisfied that "foreign organisations" are backing the I.R.A. bomb squads, why be furtive about it?

Why not come into the open and name those organisations? Why not send them an emphatic warning?

Warn Them Off

After all, we are pledged to use our force to prevent aggression abroad. Surely the same clear-cut warning should be addressed to those who foster violence in our midst.

Secrecy on this matter is senseless and sinister. It can only breed rumour and suggest that Britain is too fearful to reveal the truth

The film "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," does not scruple to lay the guilt for the U.S.A. spy plots at Germany's door.

Has the British Government less courage than U.S.A. film producers?

Making Us Angry

Yet it has no scruples in planning to invest in the new Defence Loan some of the £2,000,000-a-month surplus of the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

Orthodox finance, maybe. But damn the orthodoxy that keeps workless men and their families on short commons!

Royal Memorial

Another example of conservatism—the King George V Memorial is to be built of Sicilian marble. Why not Portland stone?

London is full of crumbling statues of Sicilian marble. Yes, and 10,000 British quarrymen are unemployed.

Holiday Week

King George V wanted playing-grounds for youth to be the biggest memorial to his reign. So he would surely have been pleased to hear that the British Legion camp at Brean, Somerset, is giving a week's holiday this year to 400 children of ex-Servicemen—a record number.

Fine. But not good enough. That Legion camp could do with a benefactor.

Doubt Wanted

In search of benefactors are lots of "refugees from the Nazi terror" who, writing from Central Europe, implore loans from British people who don't know them from Adam.

One lawyer we know has received a most convincing and pathetic appeal of this sort. Perhaps it's genuine.

But foreign professional beggars are very busy in this field. So, however heartrending the tale, don't part with your money without enquiry.

Queer Tale

Most pertinent enquiry of the week comes from Mr. J. Parker, Romford's M.P. He wants to know why, in time of war, London schoolchildren are to be sent to Lowestoft, one of the most heavily bombed towns in the last war.

But you can't expect Whitehall addle pates to learn from experience, can you!

Going Dry

This week, also, has seen one of the strangest developments in anyone's experience. Prohibition in Bombay!

No native is now allowed alcohol. Europeans and Indian princes may obtain a permit to drink—and must produce it before accepting a drink even in a friend's private house.

Tax on Thirst

To pay for this prohibition, a heavy property tax has been imposed. To keep order, a thousand extra police have been enrolled. Is it worth it?

Making it Harder

We make no apology for dealing next with a minor absurdity.

A reader has received a High Court writ because he owes £4 13s. 1d. in income tax. He will have to pay an extra £1 13s. 11d. for the costs attached to the writ; if he entered an appeal, a further £1 11s.

Why, for all that's sensible, should such small debts be taken to the expensive High Court instead of the cheaper lower court? Just to make it more impossible for the man to pay, of course.

Safe in the Air

Aeroplanes are to be made safer. A crash-proof petrol tank has been perfected by British engineers after nine years' research.

It has even been tested by machine-gun bullets and one-inch shells fired at short range.

High-speed fighters and some passenger monoplanes are to be equipped with it. Why not every 'plane?

Make it a Test

Finally, we regret the necessity to bludgeon a section of the general public.

So much litter has been left in and near Kew Gardens that a banner is to exhort visitors to use the litter-boxes.

A more effective method of dealing with selfish dolts who spoil other people's pleasure would probably be the police court. But we can all do our share in preventing their numbers from increasing, and August Bank Holiday should provide a fair test for us.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

SAVE these 600!

BY the end of this summer 600 holiday-makers—men, women and children, but mainly children—are expected to die in bathing and boating accidents round the coast of Britain.

The average number of holiday victims over many years is about 600. And until there is a revolution among seaside authorities 600 persons will set off for their holidays—and never return.

The most terrible part of it all is that nine out of ten casualties could be prevented.

This is the position to-day: There are many seaside authorities doing all they can to provide the most efficient life-saving facilities on their beaches.

But there are many others doing little or nothing to prevent accidents.

Their indifference is the gravest of all holiday scandals. Because efficient life-saving appliances are obtainable at small cost, and trained men to use them are waiting—eager to give voluntary service if only it is asked.

The Royal Life Saving Society is tackling the peril of the beaches in a comprehensive, scientific manner. It is fighting almost a lone battle.

YET because of its work the annual rate of accidental deaths by drowning is steadily declining. A few years ago the number of such deaths in the sea, inland waters and swimming pools stood at more than 2,000. Last year the number was 1,422. How bitter it is to see what *could* be done.

LEADING THE STRUGGLE FOR SAFER BEACHES IS THE LIFE GUARD CORPS, ESTABLISHED IN 1932. SINCE THEN ITS MEMBERS HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING 310 LIVES. THIRTEEN OF THE RESCUES WERE MADE IN THE EARLY SUMMER OF THIS YEAR.

The Corps has 15,800 members, and every one has had to pass the most stringent tests in swimming, the use of rescue apparatus, and also in the Schafer method of reviving the apparently drowned.

At 160 places in this country—both seaside and inland—Life Guards are on duty. Local councils are co-operating with them and encouraging their work.

But there are very many more local authorities who are ignoring them. So great areas of bathing beaches remain unwatched.

And 600 holiday-makers each year never return.

Remember that members of the Life Guard Corps do not seek any payment for their services. They give their own time, working by rota, to maintain the beach watch and be ready for any emergency.

A list of Life Guard centres is published annually. Many of the most popular seaside resorts are included in that list. And many are not.

EVEN RESORTS WHICH ARE NOTORIOUSLY DANGEROUS FOR BATHERS ARE MISSING FROM THE LIFE GUARD SCHEDULE.

The resorts spend money liberally to attract visitors, but they will not ask for life-saving squads to protect those visitors, even though the squads can be had for nothing.

Complacent officials consider it sufficient, apparently, to have an employee watching the crowd of bathers from a boat.

Answering the Call

(1) Members of the Life Guard Corps are ready for any emergency on the beach. (2) A bather is in trouble. Quickly the life-line is taken out. (3) Safely ashore, but only just in time. The rescued man is unconscious, but the Life Guards are expert at artificial respiration

QUITE likely that the boat patrol man cannot swim. Almost certain that he knows nothing whatever about artificial respiration or the practical method of resuscitation.

If he happens to be getting on in years, there's a good answer. "He knows the beach and the currents all the better for that," they say.

There is another aspect of local neglect to which the evidence at inquests is constantly calling attention.

That is the failure to post warning notices on beaches which seem admirable for bathing, but which, by reason of undercurrents and tide surges, are death-traps.

Said a North Wales coroner recently after returning his verdict in a case of accidental drowning: "It is the duty of local councils to be constantly on the watch for changes in the formation of their beaches."

But how few councils are *on the watch*. They omit the most elementary precautions, and through their omission lives are sacrificed.

At another drowning inquest, not long ago, the statement was made that after a previous fatality at the same spot the jury recommended that warning notices should be exhibited and life-saving apparatus provided, but *nothing had been done*.

Nothing done, and so a further life was lost.

ON the broader question of encouraging all young swimmers to qualify in life saving, what greater condemnation of local government inertia can there be than this:

ONLY 48 CITY AND BOROUGH COUNCILS IN BRITAIN GRANT SPECIAL FACILITIES AT THEIR SWIMMING BATHS AS AN INCENTIVE TO CANDIDATES GAINING LIFE-SAVING AWARDS.

Only 48 councils do their duty and encourage their young citizens to become efficient life savers and potential members of the Life Guard Corps.

The rest, apparently, are indifferent.

JOHN BULL pledges itself to fight indifference. While lives are wasted because local administrators won't do their jobs, we shall never call off the attack.

Let every seaside council in the land realise this:

By the end of the summer 600 families will be mourning a victim of the beaches.

And let every council honestly decide whether it is doing its share to end that terrible loss.

Not until there is a Life Guard Corps station at every resort, not until every square yard of bathing water is watched, will the toll grow less.

Voice of the People

Have you an idea, a grumble or a problem you'd like to pass on? Well, here's your chance. Write to "Voice of the People." Your letter may do untold good—so USE YOUR VOICE. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

READ these two official statements (Civil Defence Information Leaflet No. 1) and reconcile them if you can:

(1) "No one can tell when or how war might begin, but the period of warning might be very short. There would be no time, then, to begin to think what you ought to do."

(2) "The special anti-gas helmet and the respirator for small children will not be distributed in any district before an emergency arises."—S. Gee, Prestwich, Manchester.

They're Starving

Do people actually starve in England to-day?

Surely there is help for anybody who will pocket his or her pride and apply for relief?—Mrs. Moore, 2, Mount Pleasant, Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey.

All that poor law authorities are expected to do is to see that people do not starve. With what result! *If* you give millions of people just enough to stop them starving you are going to have scores of thousands of them dying through ill-health caused by insufficient food. And we call that very slow starvation.

Out of Pocket

Is the Government aware, in these days of holidays with pay, that it expects one class of its workers to *pay for their holidays*?

I refer to sub-postmasters and postmistresses, of whom I am one.

During our holiday absence from office we must personally engage a qualified assistant and pay a wage which is never less than £2 10s. This, quite truthfully, is nearly double the sub-office allowance in general.—Sub-master, North of England.

We give no hint as to our reader's identity for obvious reasons. It is enough for us to add that we have pilloried payments of 10s. a week and less to sub-postmasters.

Way to the Shelf

Why do some parents expect their grown-up unmarried daughters to have their holidays with them?

Do they regard their children as furniture, without feelings, longings and desires of their own?

What sort of holiday is it for a young woman trailing around with her elders?

It is more boring than work, and the only reward for the dutiful, unassertive victims is—the Shelf.—Miss Margaret Winn, York Terrace, Glossop.

Low Tide in Wages

I have just found an accounts book of my great-grandfather, a Lincolnshire cattle dealer. I notice that he paid to grown-ups, as wages, from 11s. to 15s. a week. But I notice that his food bill for seven in the family and two maids was only 23s. 9d. per week, and they were supposed to live on the fat of the land. Perhaps workers were better off in those days, after all!—L. C., Thurmaston, Leicester.

Polperro, famous for its lucky Cornish "pixies." Our Leigh-on-Sea reader thinks they are not so lucky!

In terms of spending power, wages rose rapidly from 1850 to 1900, were steady 1900-1914, decreased violently 1914-1917, rose to highest point in history 1917-1920, fell to below pre-war level 1920-1923, and have since risen to slightly over pre-war level again.

Answer Japan!

We British accuse Japan of waging war against China without the formality of declaring war—this because a Japanese citizen was murdered.

I detest the bullying methods of Japan and I think we should make some answer to the accusation, often made in Japanese newspapers, that she is merely doing to China what we did to Japan some sixty years ago.—A. G., Euston Road, N.W.

British Fleet bombarded Kagoshima in 1862 because of the murder of British subject Richardson. Trouble is, however, that present-day Japan, like Germany, far from being indignant about "incidents," manufactures them.

Her Lucky Day

Visiting Polperro, in Cornwall, while on holiday, I bought one of the much-advertised Cornish lucky pixies.

During the remainder of the day I left my umbrella in the 'bus, got flustered and lost a pound note, was caught in a rain-storm, and, while running for shelter, fell over a piece of rock and tore my knee, lost the heel of my shoe, got home late for dinner.

Next day I found all but one snap out of two rolls were failures—and lost the "lucky" charm.—Mrs. B., Leigh-on-Sea.

Nazis are Helping

Armaments I am helping to make in a huge Sheffield works cannot be made without German plant.

Monster machines arrive from Germany in German railway trucks with Nazi propaganda all over them.

Surely we can make ourselves independent of the Germans in defending our Empire?—Mr. E. S., Fareham Road, Sheffield.

To a great extent it is a question of patents. If war broke out we wouldn't bother about patent rights—we would make the machines ourselves.

Brave Men

It is as an ex-N.C.O. of the R.A.M.C. that I write to JOHN BULL to thank you for not throwing mud at genuine conscientious objectors.

Two of them reached my unit during the war, Quakers and brothers. Having a conscientious objection to fighting, they willingly came to us as stretcher-bearers. They were hit in the Ypres Salient while doing their duty bravely.

One was killed outright: the other died soon after from his wounds, with his brother's name on his lips. Their courage was unquestionable, their conduct in all things exemplary.—E. M., Leeds.

Our reader withheld their names. He thought there might be relatives who would feel hurt if it were recalled that they were conscientious objectors. Because we cannot share that view, we give their names: J. Gunn and H. Gunn, of Raweliffe Bridge, near Goole.

Guessing Ages

The Superintendent Registrar who is writing your articles says he told a woman: "I am sorry, madam. If there's no birth certificate, there's no licence."

He had no authority or power to say that.

I say "But if either of the parties is unable or *unwilling* to state his or her precise age the words 'of full age' or 'minor' or the approximate age (*e.g.* 'about thirty') may be recorded." I stress the word "unwilling."—R. Morris (Rev.), Danby House, Leyburn, Yorks.

Clean Up These Militia Camps!

THERE have been complaints from militiamen in our postbag since the first of the twenty-year-olds went to camp.

If we have not rushed them into print it has been because we have been aware of some of the difficulties under which the authorities have been working.

Never, since the Great War, had it been necessary to put so many men under canvas. There has been a shortage of tents, duckboards and other materials. Camping sites were chosen hastily, and therefore not always wisely.

Then came a fortnight of rain.

Here and there the food supply organisation broke down. In some cases—they are under investigation now, and one prosecution has resulted already—big quantities of food were stolen. Every crisis is an opportunity for rogues.

There was plenty of material here for cheap criticism, but we held our hand.

We Shall See

But the weeks are passing. We do not intend to withhold criticism for ever.

If the War Office cannot make the extra arrangements necessary for handling a few scores of thousands of men in a month or less, what could it do in case of war?

With this question in mind we shall announce next week our plans for sending a Special Commissioner on a tour of the camps to see things for himself.

Meanwhile, here are a few things which will have to be looked into:

From C. G. D., Wharf Street, Canning Town, E.16:

"The West Country camp to which my brother has been sent is six inches deep in mud. The lads' civilian clothes have been ruined by the conditions—and remember that they are trying to help people at home out of 10s. 6d. a week."

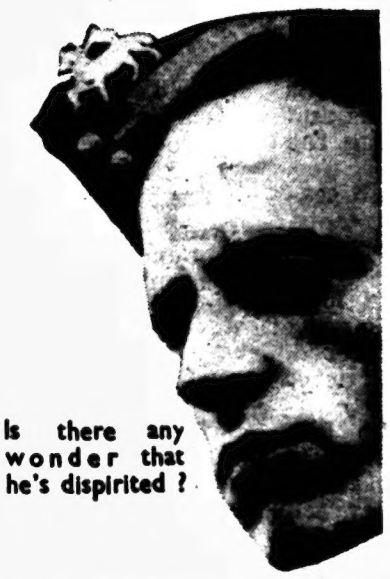
Mud, Mud, Mud

From a group of Militiamen at another West Country camp: "There is mud a foot thick everywhere. When our military duties are over for the day we have to carry railway sleepers through it, while civilians stand grinning insolently at us."

From Mrs. D., Fermor Avenue, King's Lynn:

"This report from a Militia camp seems to contradict many stories of what would be done for young men. It says the camp was weeks off being finished when the troops arrived."

From a Wiltshire twenty-year-old: "We were told we could be billeted as near home as possible, but the principle seems to be that Yorkshire lads come here and we go to Yorkshire. Most of those here came from 100 to 150 miles away, while local boys have been sent as far as Southampton and Newcastle."



Is there any wonder that he's dispirited?

More Britons will go away during the next few weeks than ever before. And, as A. G. Gardiner says—

We all need a Holiday . .

NEXT week, with August Bank Holiday, we reach the peak of our holiday season, and it is safe to say that during the next few weeks there will be more English people taking their pleasures abroad than ever before in our history.

And by "abroad" I do not mean foreign countries. Some of them are off the menu this year.

With the shadow of Hitler and his satellite Mussolini darkening the Continent, few of us will be tempted to set foot in Germany and Italy.

It is a pity, because there are no pleasanter playgrounds than the Rhineland and the Black Forest, the Inn Valley and the Italian lakeland.

Nor, taken in the lump, are there any pleasanter people than the people you meet there.

We shall hope to meet them again when their days of delirium have passed, as they will pass, and when—Hitler and Mussolini being shovelled on to the dust-heap with the other great criminals of history—they recover their place among the sane and civilised communities of mankind.

Home Harvest

In the meantime they are no companions for our holiday mood.

So far as "abroad" means foreign countries, it is for France and Switzerland that our luggage is labelled.

And I rejoice to learn from such institutions as the Workers' Travel Association that there has never been such a stampede to those countries, and especially to France, as that now in progress.

But it is, of course, within our own shores that the vast harvest of the holidays is mainly being reaped.

The growth of that harvest is one of the most striking facts of the last thirty years.

It is a phase of the social revolution that this generation has witnessed, and that may be said to have opened with the establishment of Old Age Pensions and National Insurance.

In the interval there has been so beneficial a redistribution of the national income and so drastic a change in the conditions of life that we may be said to live in a new world.

AND IN THAT NEW WORLD WE CAN ALL CLAIM OUR DAYS IN THE SUN, FREE FROM THE ROUTINE OF FACTORY AND SHOP AND THE TYRANNY OF THE FIRST 'BUS IN THE MORNING AND THE LAST 'BUS HOME AT NIGHT.

If I wanted a proof that—leaving aside for the moment the Hitlers and Mussolinis—the world is on the mend there is none I should advance more confidently than the triumph of holidays with pay.

When I was a boy the class that needed holidays most never dreamed of such a luxury.

The harness was on their backs from year's end to year's end, and a week or two by the seashore or on the downs was as unattainable as a visit to the moon.

To-day the unattainable is attained.

Holidays with pay are not yet universal, but they are so nearly universal that the victory is at last assured.

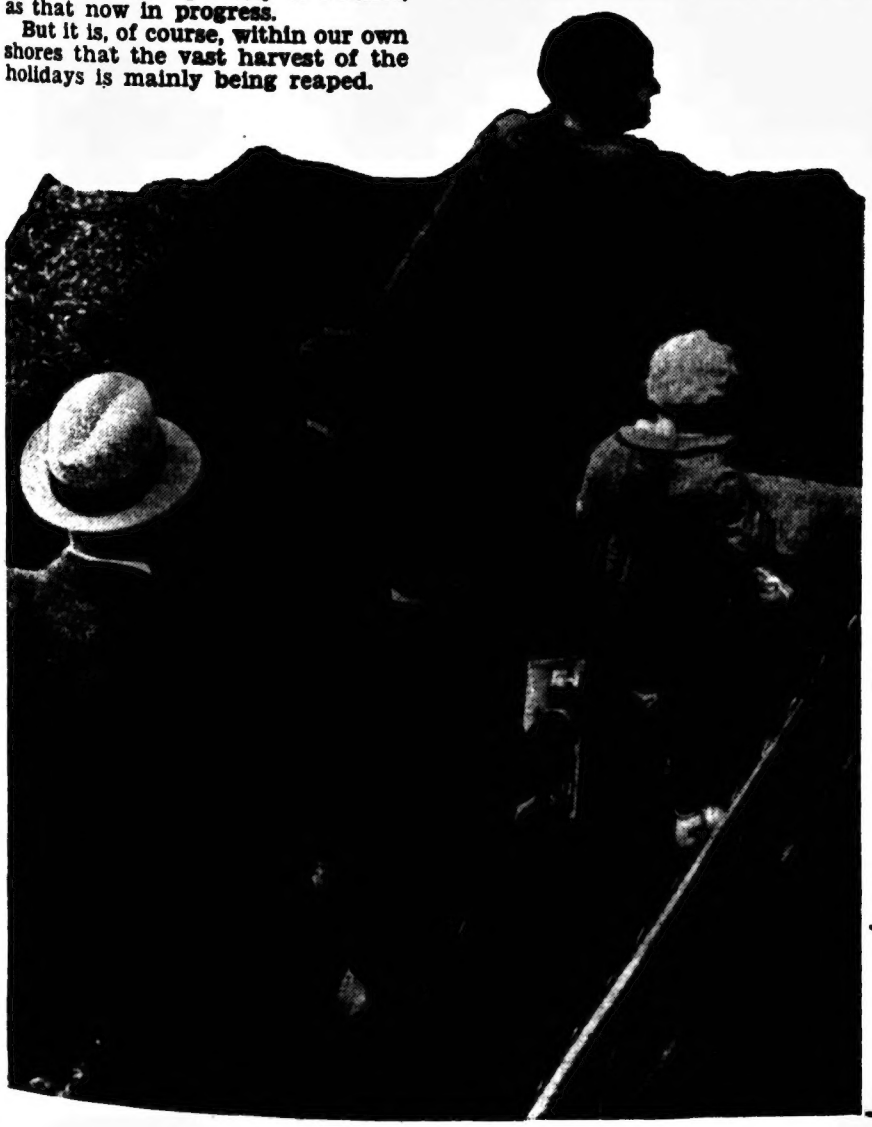
I understand, for example, that not one of the fifty trade boards which have faced the subject has failed to reach agreement.

It would be difficult to overstate the effect of this seasonal escape of our people from the bondage of habit and place.

We are discovering our land as our fathers never discovered it.

Through such agencies as the Youth Hostels Association and the Workers' Travel Association, and the modern miracles of transport, we can explore our country from John o' Groats to Land's End with a comfort and at a cost that would have been unthinkable in the past.

We can come home enriched with visions of the furthest Hebrides, of the wonders of Lakeland or Snowdonia, or of the sunsets of Dartmoor.



World's Best

If our taste is for rest rather than travel we have the most glorious coast line in the world to choose from, and can spend our days in bathing and shying pebbles under Beachy Head or building sandcastles for the children in the sands of Bournemouth bay, or Newlyn or Aberdovey, or a score of other coves and inlets of the sea.

Best of all, if we are young and lusty we may discover England afoot, tramping the downs or climbing Helvellyn by day and resting at night in that wonderful system of huts and hostels which the Youth Hostels Association has scattered over the land.

IT DOES NOT MUCH MATTER WHAT FORM OUR HOLIDAY TAKES, IF IT IS AWAY FROM OUR NORMAL SURROUNDINGS AND PURSUITS.

It is with holidays as the countryman said it was with beer.

Some holidays are better than other holidays, but there is no bad holiday.

Even at the worst, even if the boarding-house beds are bad and the weather is foul, it achieves the chief purpose of any holiday, however good.

It sends us home with content, glad to fill the familiar chair, potter in our own garden, catch the customary 'bus in the morning and salute our old friends.

This is the healing and renovating influence of all holidays.

After fifty weeks spent in turning wheels, fitting shoes on other people's feet, totting up figures in other people's ledgers, and so on, we grow stale and sick of home.

Do it Now!

We need to break the chain of habit in order to become once more healthily home-sick and reconciled to our tasks in life.

This is the case for holidays—for those who work with their hands equally with those who work with their heads.

THE CASE WAS NEVER STRONGER THAN IT IS TO-DAY. WE STAND ON THE BRINK OF INCALCULABLE THINGS.

It is little less than a year since the black day of Munich disclosed the abyss towards which the world is drifting.

Since then we have been engaged in what the unspeakable Goebbels calls "a war of nerves."

Encouraged by the success of his villainies and convinced that the democracies have thrown the towel into the ring, Hitler believes that he has only to work on our fears to be able to do to Poland what he did a few months ago to Czechoslovakia, and what he will do to Rumania and the rest afterwards.

I think he is mistaken so far as the spirit of this country, of France and of the Poles themselves are concerned.

Tonic for All

I wish I could feel as confident so far as the policy of our Government is concerned.

But with the doings at Tokyo and the kite-flying of Mr. Hudson it would be idle to pretend that there is no danger of more Munich, more buying of the declared enemy by bribes and the sacrifice of our friends.

If this danger exists, it is only the spirit of a stern and awakened country that can avert it.

The war of nerves is the people's war, and the decision this time must be the people's decision.

Let us in these happy holiday weeks take in new reserves of strength for the grim days which may lie ahead.

Let us consecrate ourselves to saving the cause of freedom from more betrayals to the political gangsters.

And let us take our pleasures gladly.

They'll forget Hitler, work and taxes on holiday—and come back home refreshed by the best tonic of all. Yes, even if the weather doesn't smile on them!

UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Since January there have been about 40 big fires in London and provincial towns. What lies behind these mystery outbreaks? Many people blame the I.R.A., but the police have a different theory.

They believe a master fire-raiser is responsible in many cases.

JOHN BULL, with its unique sources of information, knows the suspect. And on these pages we give astounding details of his methods—methods so successful that they rival those of Leopold Harris, most notorious fire-raiser of all time.

DELIBERATELY, callously professional fire-raisers are operating a campaign of insurance robbery throughout the country.

That fact is now definitely established.

Ample evidence to prove it is in the hands of Scotland Yard and the investigation departments of the great insurance companies.

JOHN BULL can give this forecast: Before long several arrests are likely to be made. And when they are an amazing story will be told.

Since January about forty big mystery fires in London and provincial towns have been made the subject of a special enquiry by police and insurance experts.

The damage done by these fires was estimated—for insurance claims—at more than £400,000.

BUT IN SEVERAL CASES THE INSURANCE COMPANIES, ALLEGING FRAUD AND FIRE-RAISING, ARE REFUSING TO PAY THE CLAIMS.

None of these rejected claims, however, is in respect of the recent City of London fires.

As fire followed fire in the danger zone of the City of London, people began to ask whether I.R.A. terrorists were responsible. With its sources of confidential information JOHN BULL can answer that question: NO

There has been an increasing number of deliberately staged fires, but not in the City. Fire-raising in that area is a specially perilous business because of the City of London coroner's power of holding special inquests with a thorough sifting of evidence and cross-examination of witnesses.

What has happened, however, in other districts is that fire-raisers have used the I.R.A. scare as a convenient cloak.

They have left behind false clues pointing to the I.R.A., hoping thereby to throw the police and insurance detectives off the right track.

At present a special Fire Squad is working at Scotland Yard under the orders of two detective superintendents. There is close co-operation between the "Yard" and provincial police authorities.

One in Ten

Chief Detective-Inspector Burt, one of the most astute of the Metropolitan men, has been detailed during the past ten months to investigate suspect outbreaks.

From the dossiers collected by the Metropolitan and certain provincial police forces it is believed that one in ten of the most serious fires throughout the country in the past year was due to incendiarism with insurance swindles as the object.

But between this belief and concrete proof lies a gap hard to bridge.

Fire-raising as carried out by the modern practitioner and disciple of the notorious Leopold Harris is one of the most difficult crimes to establish.

Lately, Inspector Burt and two assistants paid extended visits to the eastern counties in connection with a sequence of country-house burnings.

Police in the Home Counties have been seriously perturbed over certain fires in their area. There have been conferences with Scotland Yard and documents have been laid before the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Several persons are named in those sensational reports, and a carefully planned conspiracy of fire-raising, directed from headquarters in London, is indicated.

People living near the scene of suspect fires in the Home Counties blamed the "I.R.A.," but the police knew otherwise. The crudeness of I.R.A. methods was missing. There was too much evidence of technical ingenuity.

Fake Note

An example of how the terrorist scare is being used as a blind for criminal incendiarism occurred in Sussex. There was a country house fire and a grubby, pencilled note was found, which read "The I.R.A. strikes."

But detectives found the outbreak had been caused by a man named Frank Charles Gould, who has no Irish associations but who, under another name, has convictions for theft, house breaking and false pretences.

With the same object of laying a false scent messages purporting to be I.R.A. warnings were posted and telephoned before some of the eastern counties fires.

Actually the only terrorist outbreaks have been small affairs, mostly at seaside hotels. A recent fire at Eastbourne is typical.

A man booked a room at a hotel, registered in the name of "J. W. Robinson," with an address in Eastern Road, Birmingham. There is no such road.

He had dinner, and then went for a walk on the front. Soon after his room was blazing. The flames were got under control, and when brigade men examined the debris they realised the fire had been deliberately started.

ROBINSON, A WELL-DRESSED MAN OF ABOUT 22, DISAPPEARED, AND IS NOW WANTED ON A POLICE WARRANT.

Exactly the same kind of thing happened with "John Fenton" at a Southend-on-Sea hotel. Fenton is a fine looking man, six feet in height, with brown hair and prominent eyes. He also is on the wanted list.

Under the Cloak

So is "William Armstrong," whom police believe to be connected with a fire at Margate, and "Walter Groves" for fire-raising at Scarborough.

Other attempts to cause serious fires were made by I.R.A. agents at Harrogate, Blackpool, Southport and Morecambe. The visitors came, registered, occupied their rooms for a short time, and then left just before the flames began.

It is easy, with such things going on, for the professional fire-raiser to work under the cloak of I.R.A. vengeance against England.

It means, of course, that the police have to take two lines now with every suspect fire: First they have to test the I.R.A. theory, and then they have to see whether commercial incendiarism is behind it.

Doubt on these points led to the Chief Constable of Lincoln asking Scotland Yard's help. And the result was that two fires in the cathedral city were scheduled as being direct attempts at arson by outside influences.

Mr. W. C. Crocker, the solicitor, whose investigations helped in the undoing of fire-raiser Leopold Harris

Said the Chief Constable: "I intend to make every endeavour to stop this sort of crime. Not only does arson mean danger to life, but also the destruction of property, which may throw hundreds of people out of work."

Behind the scenes of all the principal suspect fires is one directing personality.

Crook's Hobby

That is the police theory, and they think they have located the man. It is only a question of time, they say, before he is under arrest.

WE KNOW WHO THE MAN IS. A LONDONER, HE LIVES IN LUXURY AND DEVOTES HIMSELF IN HIS SPARE TIME TO GARDENING AND ROSE GROWING.

Locally he is regarded as a most admirable citizen. He is a member of various clubs, and a keen supporter of his local football team.

He is a big, rather gross, man, and he buys his clothes at exclusive shops. But he spoils his appearance by wearing big diamond rings on his left hand.

He boasts that he will never walk when any conveyance is available, and yet he spends hours pottering among his rose trees.

Ever since 1929 Scotland Yard has had this "respectable" man on its "Fire Bug" list. On three occasions lately he has been interviewed by detectives, but he has managed to "pass the buck."

Ostensibly his business interests are in the City and in two branches of retail trade. That his income from these legitimate interests is considerable is shown by his income tax returns.

BUT ONLY UNOFFICIAL ESTIMATES CAN GIVE HIS EARNINGS FROM ILLICIT FIRE-RAISING.

HE IS, IN THE POLICE VIEW, THE LEOPOLD HARRIS OF TO-DAY.

Only the barest chance saved him from being caught over a North London fire for which an insurance company paid out, with the greatest reluctance, many thousands of pounds.

Since then he has been more careful, and is playing warily.

In that North London case a fellow conspirator fled the country, fearing what might happen. He has not yet thought it safe to return.

Superintendent Bell of Scotland Yard knows just how this fire-raiser chief works.

Time and again the same scheme has been carried through. The man takes a share in a retail business,

By a "John Bull" Investigator

Flames got control in a recent big City fire. Police had no suspicions of foul play in this case, but they think one in every ten of the other outbreaks throughout the country were due to incendiarism

advances money against stock and to provide expensive insurance.

But no reliable book entry is made in the firm's accounts to reveal the rogue's loans.

When the business has been properly "salted" the fire-raising game begins.

Good stock is transferred and replaced by worthless salvage stuff. Trading accounts are inflated in the books. It is all done so cunningly that there is no proof—only suspicion.

Finally there is the fire, and a really good fire at that. An inflated claim for insurance follows automatically.

£4,000 Loss

This particular "fire bug" and his associates have gone through this procedure on at least six occasions. In his earlier deals the chief sometimes tripped. A woman confederate—a relative—lost her nerve at the crucial point and let him down.

He had advanced £3,000 to her business in addition to payments for stock. The woman was the nominal owner of the business, and when the insurance company began to probe, she refused to continue in the conspiracy.

The result was that the insurance company rightly repudiated the claim. No action was taken at law, and the man had to write off at least £4,000 as a bad speculation.

His name has cropped up in fire claims not only in all parts of London, but in the Midlands and in Scotland. He has become almost a national fire insurance figure—of menace.

A quarrel between him and a hireling led to the latter going to Scotland Yard and making a statement. That confession related to a deal involving £20,000, but even then there was not enough concrete evidence to justify proceedings against the principal.

BUT HIS VERY LATEST EFFORT AT INSURANCE FLEECING—NOW UNDER INVESTIGATION—MAY PROVE HIS DOWNFALL.

He has committed one vital mistake which quite possibly may link him with a variety of fire frauds.

A new technique has developed for starting fires. The older methods of candle stub and shavings soaked in petrol are no longer used.

Most common instrument is a device known as the "firebox"—a square celluloid container filled with magnesium powder or some other highly inflammable chemical.

It is ignited either by a short, slow-burning wick—rather similar to that of the war-time cigarette-lighters—or else by electrical contact.

ONCE A FIRE HAS BEEN STARTED THE "FIREBOX" IS ENTIRELY CONSUMED, LEAVING NO PARTICLE TO GIVE ANY INDICATION OF THE CAUSE OF THE OUTBURST.

Moreover, the "firebox"—whatever method of ignition is chosen—can be timed exactly. It is usually foolproof, but there was a case recently in which something went wrong. Only a small fire was started and the alarm was given.

He was Caught

Before the fire brigade arrived a watcher—placed outside to observe and report progress—rushed into the premises and retrieved the remnants of the "firebox." He was caught with the pieces in his possession.

Rough-and-ready fire-raising devices are still used by uninitiated "fire-raisers."

They are often trapped when their mechanical devices break down. Only the highly skilled man can arrange for all the evidence to be burned.

Here is an example: An attempt was made to destroy a West End restaurant. After a period of success the restaurant had fallen on bad times, and the proprietor decided the best thing he could do was to have a fire and reimburse himself from the heavy insurance.

Well, a fire occurred at the restaurant, but it went off, as it were, at half-cock—a flash in the pan.

Ex-Superintendent George Yandell of the Yard. He knows the difficulties of tracking fire-raisers. He trailed Harris for two years

Searching among the débris when the outbreak was quelled officials came on a crude fire line. There were glass bottles containing petrol, and a full two-gallon tin of spirit with the screw cap removed. Petrol had been sprinkled over the floors and carpets.

On a table under a service lift was a box containing shavings, and another jar nearly full of petrol. From the jar a length of string ran to a candle end.

Fortunately that candle blew out after being lighted, otherwise there would have been a roaring blast of flame up the shaft of the service lift to the floor above.

IN HIS HURRY TO GET AWAY FROM THE PREMISES, AFTER HAVING—AS HE THOUGHT—STARTED THE FIRE IN THE CELLAR AND IN A SMALL OFFICE, THE FIRE RAISER BUNGLED THE BUSINESS.

Now he is having an opportunity to mourn his carelessness in a prison cell.

One fire file at Scotland Yard deals with a man whom detectives have named "The Crook with the Devil's Luck." He has had many narrow escapes from arrest.

His record is three fires.

Reviewing the circumstances of each of these fires, the police and insurance companies were almost certain that they were caused wilfully. But the necessary detailed proof could not be obtained, and the crook was paid a portion of his claims.

It was frankly insurance company blackmail and it proved effective.

This crook has been bothering the police in different ways for eighteen years. One detective put in three years trying to secure sufficient evidence for arrest; but he failed.

Hence the nickname "The Crook with the Devil's Luck." They are still watching at Scotland Yard for the luck to turn.

Another long fire dossier at the Yard deals with a man known in the London underworld as "The Blue Shadow."

He was blamed for twelve incendiary fires before he was convicted and sent to prison. He ran alone, without associates, and was caught only when he became careless with repeated successes.

INSURANCE COMPANIES ARE REPORTED TO HAVE PAID OUT TO "THE BLUE SHADOW" SOMETHING LIKE £8,000 IN FIVE YEARS.

But fire-raisers are nearly always caught in the end, and now that the net is closing round him the present-day "Leopold Harris" must be sitting uneasily in his luxurious home.

He's Watching

He must remember how Mr. W. C. Crocker, the City of London solicitor, and ex-Superintendent Yandell, of Scotland Yard, gathered together, with infinite pains, the evidence which sent Harris to a convict prison.

SOLICITOR CROCKER'S KNOWLEDGE OF FIRE RAISERS AND THEIR METHODS IS UNIQUE. HE KEEPS A FILE OF SUSPECTS, AND TO THAT FILE HE IS CONSTANTLY ADDING NEW INFORMATION.

Patiently he waits and works until the moment comes when the last clinching word is added to a scoundrel's dossier. After that come the inevitable police-court proceedings, followed by trial and conviction.

For Mr. Crocker never makes a mistake.

Now that Superintendent Yandell has retired on pension, police investigations are directed by Superintendent Bell, a dour Scotsman of few words but quick action.

Bell, apart from the official organisation, has the assistance also of the private detective departments maintained by all the major insurance companies.

So you see, the present master fire-raiser is not likely to enjoy much longer the quiet sanctuary of his rose garden or the luxury of his Rolls Royce.

Some of his closest friends will be most startled when his life story comes to be told.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings

BEWARE OF THE "CREEPER" GANG

"THE PULLER" and "The Creeper" sound like titles of Edgar Wallace thrillers.

In fact, they are real-life roles in the wholesale plundering of cash tills by a daring trio of crooks who are baffling the police throughout the country.

Leader and bustling organiser has lately been using the assumed name of "David Lester." He is a jailbird with at least twenty aliases, who once posed as a Scotland Yard detective. He's "The Puller."

His chief confederate is a crook with many names too, one of which is "Steadman." He is hardly more than a dwarf. It is his stealthy, cat-like movements that have earned him the nickname of "The Creeper."

Identity of the third man is uncertain, but he is a dare-devil motorist and is useful with his fists if there is any trouble.

Lester, neatly dressed, with bowler hat, and looking the typical local official, makes the first move.

His call on a Finsbury Park, London, confectioner and tobacconist is typical of his approach to shopkeepers whom he has robbed in various places.

Introducing himself as "from the council," he flourished a cleverly faked warrant card and explained that he was making an inspection of the road before new pipes were laid.

Naturally, the Council was anxious to do the work with the minimum of interference. Would the tobacconist mind stepping outside so he could show him what was proposed?

To make the masquerade look perfectly natural. Lester goes along with a measuring tape encased in a substantial leather holder, a map and an official-looking notebook.

He keeps the shopkeeper thoroughly interested outside while he makes various measurements and outlines the plans in a workmanlike way. This is known as "pulling out" the victim. Hence Lester's name.

While it is going on Steadman, "The Creeper," slips into the shop and rifles the till.

He is regarded as one of the slickest thieves at this job and seldom takes longer than two minutes.

From the Finsbury Park shop he took £14 in notes and silver. The copper was left!

By the time the trader returns to his counter to find he has been robbed Lester and Steadman have vanished in the fast car which their No. 3 accomplice has waiting for them.

That's how they are carrying out their lightning raids by which, it is reckoned, they have gathered in some thousands of pounds.

A preliminary recognisance is made, of course, to pick out the shops where the owner is alone.

If anything goes wrong and "The Creeper" is interfered with while he is robbing a cash desk the hefty man in the car rushes in and knocks out the intruder.

After many hauls in the London area the trio, feeling their luck could not last, went to the provinces. Latest reports of them come from the West country.

Both Lester and Steadman have been in jail several times for theft, housebreaking and fraud.

About two years ago they stood in the dock together. They pleaded guilty to extensive thefts while inspecting furnished houses which were to let.

When Lester used his most impudent guise as a Scotland Yard detective he frightened proprietors of shady clubs and brothels into giving him money.

He's a cunning crook, but he and the other members of his little gang won't be able much longer to evade the net the police are drawing round them.

Public Benefactor

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mr. A. F. Johnson, of Bonds, Favant, Salisbury, Wilts, for an exceedingly interesting piece of information.

Keep a look-out and tell me anything you think needs investigation.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Horoscope Firm's Misleading Title

DEATH to the horoscope pretenders.

That's the sweeping challenge, in one of its pamphlets, of the British Astrological Society.

It is out, it says, to combat the wilful deception of the public by "ready-made, pigeon-hole sheets which are 90 per cent. rubbish and trash."

After this noble preamble there are some amazing claims of what astrology—*via* horoscopes—really can do for you.

Health, finance, marriage, work, travel, friends and enemies—it has, it seems, the solution to all the problems.

Money, for instance. You can, says the society, be told how to earn it, speculate and invest it, and whether you are likely to inherit it.

Then marriage. Just the right character, disposition and qualities to look for in your life's partner, which will most favourably harmonise with your own Even whether you should marry or remain single

The future, apparently, is the least important of the many matters astrology can deal with.

"It is only the past over again," we are told.

By understanding your own nature you can profit by past experience and, as it were, just fix up your future yourself.

And the key to it all?

"Put forth your hand, friend, and seize it," in the words of the pamphlet.

To do that you have to turn to the last page, and there you discover that what you might have imagined was a society is really a business concern selling horoscopes at fees ranging from 5s. to £5 5s

For all I know, they may be very good horoscopes, if you care to believe in them.

What I am concerned about is that a commercial venture should use a title like "The British Astrological Society," and make out that it exists primarily to protect the work of astrologers.

The two men behind it are also the leading lights of another concern with an imposing name—The Federation of British Astrologers. That is registered as a private company.

Headquarters of both consist of one room in Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.

Music Goes Round and—

HERE'S a medley of the song publication ramp.

Universal Ads and European Broadcasting and Musical Services both recommend their "clients" to an "ar.anger," Mr Chester Lee, of 45, Heath Road, Twickenham.

Radio and Advertising Enterprises plump for Eddie Ursell, also of 45, Heath Road, Twickenham.

A Mr. John Edward Ursell is the registered proprietor of Universal Ads. His private address is given as 1, Crown Court, Crown Road, Twickenham. Mr. John Shaw, shown as the owner of European Broadcasting and Musical Services, gives 1, Crown Court, Crown Road, Twickenham, as his private address.

So you can "Sing it Together," as the popular dance tune says, and draw your own conclusions.

Then, if you send the advance fees these people ask for, you can make up your own dirge!

David Lester has been in Dartmoor twice. He ought to be back there with his accomplice, Steadman

AN IMPUDENT PUBLISHER

PROOFS URGENT. PLEASE CORRECT AND RETURN AS PROMPTLY AS POSSIBLE TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COUNTRY OUTLOOK."

TRADESMEN—and they may be in any part of the country—who receive this important-looking request, printed in red, should throw it away, as well as the papers attached.

Before doing so they can read, on the second folio, a notice, also in red, that the article is one of a series of brief reviews dealing with the activities and specialities of different firms and individuals.

"It is," they are assured, "purely an editorial matter, and the passing of the article for press entails no obligation."

But that is merely the cunning bait of an individual named Harry Stewart MacIntosh, who generally calls himself Hannaford MacIntosh.

His publications—*The Social Register and Court Circular* is another—have no circulation at all in the ordinary sense of the term. They exist by offering free write-ups.

Any original impression of rather astonishing philanthropy is soon shattered by pestering requests to pay "just for setting up the type for an advertisement" or the "cost of illustrations for articles," and so on.

In addition, there is always an attempt to secure advance payment for copies—twenty-five for £1 15s. is the minimum quoted.

It is an impudent and bare-faced racket, and MacIntosh runs it from hole-and-corner London addresses which are made to look very impressive on his notepaper.

Not long ago he was fined £50 with £5 5s. costs at Kingston-on-Thames for failing to send notice of a change of address to the Registrar of Business Names.

Charity Bluffers' Last Fling

W. Craven-Ellis, M.P., who fought the racketeers in Parliament—and beat them

A FORTUNE is being taken this week from the biggest bluffers in the country.

It means no less than that, though it will be prosaically recorded in Parliamentary proceedings as the passing into law of the Charitable Collections (Regulations) Bill.

But watch out! The unctuous racketeers who have for long flourished on this goldmine of credulity will be making frantic efforts to snatch the last remnants before the net closes in.

Many of them will even risk the penalties of the new Act to cash in on August Bank Holiday, which has always been one of their richest heydays.

Your only real safeguard will be to turn a deaf ear to all appeals unless a collector can produce his police licence.

For this long overdue change in the law makes it necessary for every collector to have a licence.

JOHN BULL, more than any other paper, has campaigned week in and week out to stop any Tom, Dick or Harry setting up some impressively named but utterly bogus charity organisation.

All they have needed to do is to expend the merest fraction on the cause they professed to support. Collectors collar as much as one-third, and sometimes more, of the contributions. Most of the balance goes into the pockets of the promoters. That has amounted to well over £1,000,000 a year.

Only the other day at Bradford there was evidence of the impotence of the law before the new Act.

Two women collectors of the notorious Destitute and Homeless Help Society were charged with obtaining money by false pretences. It was revealed that they received 50 per cent. commission.

Yet the magistrates had to dismiss the charge.

Until recently the Society concerned was run by Frederick Booth. He was reputed to make £4,000 a year.

Included in the big clean-up which will now take place will be David Hurst, the self-styled "pastor." His ramps, generally cloaked with some religious title like The London and Provincial Evangelical Destitute Mission, spread from one end of the country to the other.

It will be good to be rid of the National Distress Relief Association, whose collectors, dressed like students, swoop on business houses.

I expect, too, that the new Act will put an end to concerns like The Charity Collection Fund, of Childs Mews, Dirleton Place, West Ham, London.

Cards that precede representatives calling for cast-off clothing, and so on, are marked "Registered."

This obviously gives the impression that the Fund is a registered Charity. It is simply a business owned by a man named W. H. Box!

Real charity should now have a chance.

The public, always anxious to help a genuine, deserving cause, need no longer be hoodwinked. All you have to do is to take the simple precaution of asking to see the collector's police licence.

But, again I warn you, there will be crafty attempts to wriggle round the law.

If you come across them don't hesitate to get in touch with your nearest police station.

Simple!

H. ELLIOT, of Bristol Road, Northfleet, Birmingham, is desperately anxious to find reliable persons to collect postage stamps for him.

"It's simple and I pay cash," he declares.

All you have to do is to send 1s. for instructions on how to accumulate cancelled stamps and prepare them for sending to the eager Mr. Elliot.

Well, you don't have to send me anything at all for telling you this is an old racket and that you should have nothing to do with it.

Mr. Elliot is brimful of fallacious spare-time work schemes and seems to like changing his address frequently.

£50 for Foreign Quack

MY demand that Jacq Harpman's Institute of Endocrinology in Baker Street, London, should be shut down is fortified by another case that has just come to my notice.

The life savings—£50—of a poor man, Mr. C. A. Crow, of Oakfield Road, Walthamstow, London, have gone into the Dutchman's pockets

Christine, Mr. Crow's fifteen-year-old daughter, was stricken with infantile paralysis about three years ago.

Everything possible was being done for her by doctors.

Then someone showed the parents a pamphlet issued by Harpman with the now familiar claims of what could be done at his institute.

Clutching at every straw, they took their child there and Harpman, saying the affliction was a disjointed hip and not infantile paralysis, said she could be cured.

His price, he said, would be sixty-six guineas. When Mr. Crow explained he could not afford this fee, Harpman agreed to accept £60 payable in instalments. A payment of £20 was made then and instalments amounting to £30 have since been paid.

After a number of visits, when she received injections and electrical treatment, the girl was no better.

The father, realising it was useless to continue, managed to have her examined by a specialist at a London hospital and she is now receiving proper attention.

How long is this foreign quack to be allowed to go on imposing on people in this way?

Christine Crow

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Duping the Farmer

FARMERS, beware!

All kinds of fancy-named but worthless remedies for cattle are being foisted on you.

One of them, B.S.L., claimed to prevent contagious abortion in cows, was bluntly condemned by His Honour Judge Hargreaves at St. Albans County Court the other day.

"So far as clearing this disease," he said, "this stuff is very little different to a concoction of coloured water."

It had been sold to Mr. B. J. Burton, a well-known Bedfordshire farmer, by a concern called Rayland Holdings, Ltd., who sued for £45

The Judge, deciding that it was an agreement for payment on results, gave judgment for Mr. Burton.

"It is true no fraud has been alleged," he said, "but I feel defending counsel was justified in describing it as a swindle

"Either the directors of the company sold the stuff without caring in the least whether it had any effect or not, or, if there was anybody among them capable of forming any opinion on the subject, they must have realised that such treatment as this could not have any appreciable effect."

Mr. Burton, in refuting the claim in open court, has rendered a great public service.

The reason why these concoctions, which high-power salesmen unload on farmers, are so numerous, is that it is known that no one likes to advertise that he has disease on his farmstead.

Because of this, as Mr. Burton's counsel pointed out, firms who market these remedies feel they can rely on disillusioned farmers paying up or letting judgment go against them by default.

Farmers, before trying these much-boosted treatments, should always consult a veterinary surgeon.

Watch 'Em

THE Golden Circle Club, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, offers to do wonders in the way of finding wives or husbands for an annual membership fee of 7s. 6d.

Tommyrot anyway, but in this case those who are foolish enough to join find they have to pay an extra 1s. a month for lists and 2s. a month to have particulars of themselves circulated.

Hardly a Secret

H. Jonckheere-Schneider, of Brussels, wants 21s. for disclosing the secrets of a mail order business to be run in your spare time.

"You work in an uncrowded field" is one of his snare slogans.

Evidently he has not heard what a favourite dodge this already is over here!

Ache for His Pains

Cures supposed to have been confided to him by a gipsy are offered by Alick Varey, of Brocklebank, Kirkland, Kendal.

Rheumatism and cattle ailments seem to be a speciality, but one reader who tried a recipe for the former says all the result he obtained was a bad headache.

Now he is having the greatest difficulty in securing the return of the £1 1s. he paid.

Much better leave it to Alick and the gipsies and keep your money in your pocket.

Cold Storage

Branson's, of Bearwood Road, Smethwick, is the new business of J. Abramson, one of the directors of the liquidated Stewart's, of Bull Street, Birmingham.

Numbers of people who had partly paid for furniture which was supposed to be stored by Stewart's until delivery was required found they could get neither the furniture nor their money back

He was Disappointed

Wonderful plants marvellously cheap is a favourite doorstep snare just now.

Be warned in time and buy at a shop or market stall that you know.

If not, you'll probably end up like a Coventry reader who bought what was described as a new Dutch Ranunculus. They turned out to be common lupins—all white!

J. G. O. in Disguise

The Tote Punters' Association, of Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey, which is pestering people to invest £5 to £200 for a sure weekly income from betting, is our friend J. G. Osborne.

I cautioned you about him when he wanted just a limited number of persons "to enrich ourselves to the tune of £2,000 weekly."

Two Mean Cheats

Two mean cheats should be laid by the heels.

One, giving the impression that he is a station official, ingratiates himself with girls in charge of tobacco kiosks on London Underground stations and offers to get small change for them.

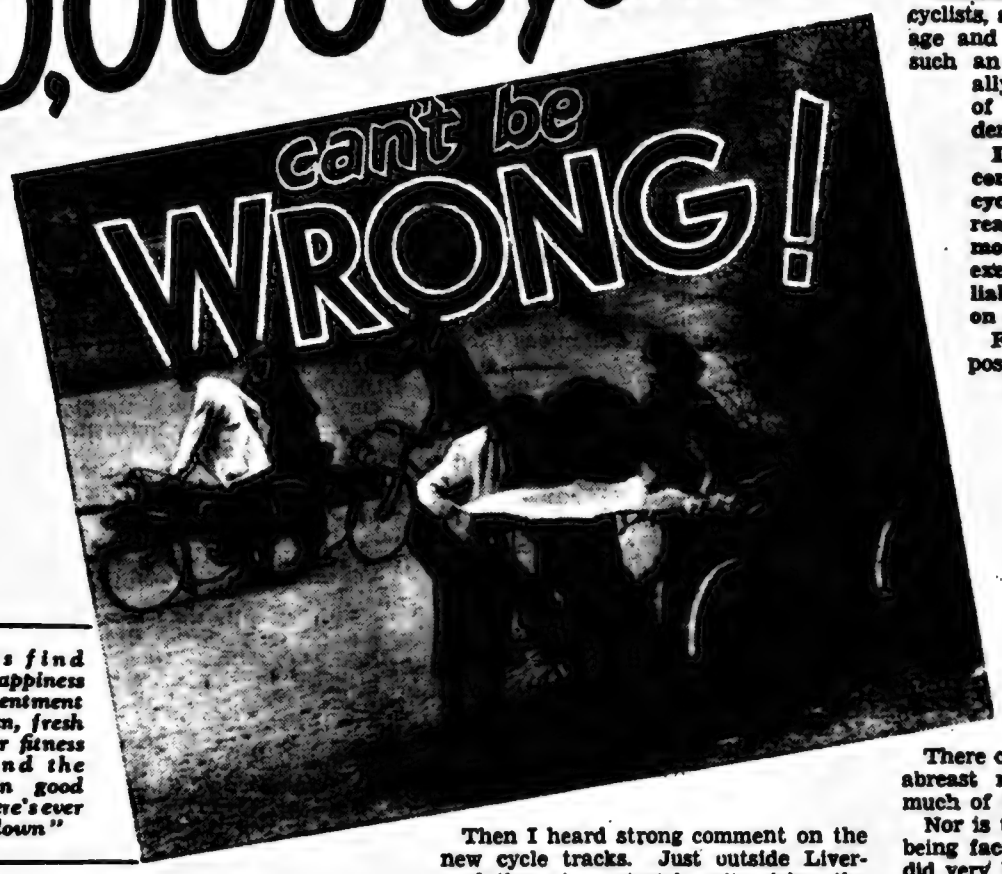
When he is entrusted with one or two pound notes he vanishes.

Sham inspectors are also robbing ice-cream salesmen employed by well-known firms.

They check up their takings and get away with the cash.

REGINALD POUND, ★ the author, toured the country by bicycle and returned with supreme confidence in Britain's sturdy youth.

10,000,000 Cyclists can't be WRONG!



"Cyclists find health, happiness and contentment in the clean, fresh air. Their fitness will stand the country in good stead if there's ever a show-down"

I RODE to health on a bicycle.

That is not just another of those slick remarks. It tells the truth. A truth which many riders will be confirming for themselves this Bank Holiday, apex of the outdoor season.

For too many years I had been leading a sedentary, muscle-idle existence, largely inseparable from the job I was doing. My breathing wasn't as good as it ought to be in the early forties.

I tired a shade too easily. My weight was out of focus with height and years.

Not until I got astride a bicycle did I know how thoroughly out of condition I was.

In three days, no more, all that was changed. If I did not become a new man I considerably arrested the process of becoming an old one.

A grand feeling.

And what made it particularly so was the fact that I found myself wishing that everyone else could share it with me. I discovered that it is part of the sanity of good health that one wants others to realise how very satisfying life can be.

So I rode not only to health on a bicycle, but to happiness and contentment as well.

Yes, I can claim that. A very pleasant form of exuberance, believe me.

The programme I set myself was a strenuous one. Starting from the Sussex coast, I proposed to cycle round England. West as far as Exeter. North to the Roman Wall. Down the East Coast and home.

Bad weather broke up the itinerary more than once. Cycling in rain or against head winds is apt to be a tax on time if not on patience.

Even so, I covered a large part of the distance on my machine, seeing the England not only of our dreams, but of our occasional nightmares.

I saw the England of rearmament and A.R.P., the England of muddle and uncertainty and doubt, the England of shameful poverty, the England of broad acres cropping weeds, of great new aerodromes ravaging some of the finest land, the England of monstrous privilege and of grab and greed.

MIXED in with all the ugliness, physical and moral, is so much beauty that sometimes my heart ached with repressed gratitude.

You cannot go cycling as far as I did without finding yourself continually thankful for life in this land.

What impresses you, and at the same time depresses you, are the obvious manifold opportunities for making life in England even better, not for the lucky few, but for all.

You will find, as I did, that this idea is particularly strong among the cycling brotherhood. I rested and talked and camped with cyclists of many sorts and conditions.

I found hardly any 'ologies or 'isms among them: instead, plain, straight thinking on questions of the day. When your circulation is as good as it should be, when your muscles are properly flexed, when your appetite has a real and not a spurious edge on it—why, then, you have no time for complexes and inhibitions and similar mental clutter.

In the camps the young cyclists are talking about peace rather than war—peace and its possibilities for the races of men.

They have remarkably few grievances. —again, perhaps, for health reasons.

At Minehead they were talking about camp thieves, of whom I was warned by a friendly policeman. There are tricksters who go round the tents asking for someone by a fictitious name, their purpose being to judge whether the occupants are likely to carry money.

One cyclist here had £10 taken from his jacket while he slept, and other cases were reported. A gang evidently works the camps, for I heard of similar trouble near Lowestoft.

At York I had a grand evening with cyclists from many parts. The talk here was centred largely in the chances of war.

Some of the younger men had been to Germany and described what they had seen among youths of their own age—the health casualties of the Labour Corps young men, and so on.

It was frank, fair comment, and most enlightening.

In my opinion, cyclists in England have not yet got the camps they deserve. There are a few well-run camps, and too many that are not well organised, especially on the sanitary side.

★ Reginald Pound set off from Brighton, went west to Exeter, north to the Roman Wall and home again by the East Coast. He has recorded his adventures in a new book, "Turn Left for England."

Then I heard strong comment on the new cycle tracks. Just outside Liverpool there is a stretch epitomising the roads of the future as visualised by the central transport authority. It looks very nice, and I am bound to say I enjoyed using it.

BUT a cyclist I met objected violently in the name of cyclists in general.

He would not agree for a moment that cyclists should be segregated, as he thought, for the benefit of motorists.

What motorists do not realise is that the cyclist is in the tradition of the road pioneer. Well in living memory our main roads were in a bad way. Some were heavily rutted and grass-grown right up to the towns. Cyclists did much towards improving them.

In fact, that is partly how we got cycling clubs. Uniting in local groups, their members preserved the surface of many a road by insistent representations to local authorities, as well as by their steady use of the roads themselves.

"It was, in fact, the cyclists who kept the grass down," one expert told me.

THIS CYCLE TRACK CONTROVERSY IS VERY LARGELY A SOCIAL MATTER RATHER THAN A POLITICAL ONE. IT INFRINGES THE ORDINARY ENGLISHMAN'S RIGHT TO BE HIMSELF—THE AGE-OLD LEGACY OF OUR PEOPLE.

My own view is that the cyclist should reject nothing which makes for a reduction in road casualties, even if the scope for individuality is thereby threatened.

But motorists, on their side, should remember that many cyclists are taxpayers. Too many motorists, discussing the question, over-emphasise the financial disparity between cyclist and motorist. In any case, the financial argument is not a very good one.

I think I can find a better.

With a great national emergency as a possibility of the future, I think it is relevant to record here my impression that as regards the stock of general all-round fitness, towards which the Government's own schemes have been singularly inept, cyclists are contributing as much as, if not more than, motorists.

Remember, there are 10,000,000 cyclists, a vast proportion of them of an age and a class that, in the event of such an emergency, would automatically be called on to bear the brunt of whatever sacrifice might be demanded.

It strikes me forcibly, as a consequence of my own recent cycling experience, that in a real show-down a great many motorists, obese from lack of exercise, would be more of a liability than any lean stripling on a bicycle.

Further, we have to consider the possibility of petrol supplies in war being seriously impeded, despite the large stocks which the Government assures us will be available.

Then the bicycle would for many purposes come into its own again.

Still, the road question does call for a little less bigotry from a certain section of cyclists. I was sorry to find, as I pedalled my way round the country, that the Highway Code is not obeyed by cyclists as it ought to be.

There continues to be too much three-abreast riding, for instance; far too much of it.

Nor is the rear-light or reflector issue being faced fairly. It happened that I did very little night riding, but the disposition of many cyclists to put the onus on the motorist is not, surely, in accordance with the fair-play ideas of most of them.

Cyclists have rights, and one of the greatest of them, I submit, is to take as prominent a part as possible in diminishing the toll of highway tragedies.

This should be regarded as every bit as much an expression of the English spirit as the franchise itself.

Sectional rivalries and squabbles must not be allowed to retard the national welfare or prestige.

Cyclists, perhaps, do not fully grasp that our domestic road situation puts us in a class of urgency by ourselves.

No other country's road problems are as acute as ours. We have fifteen cars per mile of highway. Germany has four. France four. America eight. Two-thirds of all our traffic uses only a quarter of our total road mileage.

DON'T blame motorists for this state of affairs. Don't blame anybody.

It is the agglomeration of the years. The Romans, who knew a thing or two about roadmaking, did not foresee internal combustion.

Neither did Telford nor Macadam, who built some of our finest roads.

What all road users, from the Rolls-Royce owner to the tinker with his barrow, are bound in common-sense and decency to do is to make the best of what, for practical modern purposes, is often a bad job.

After all, the cyclist in this country has so much to be thankful for—the prettiest natural surroundings to be found anywhere, unending variety, peace and quiet if he wants it, and refreshment and rest at the day's end.

AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED, NO PAPERS TO BE EXAMINED, NO SPYING AND REPORTING ON HIS MOVEMENTS!

That should add up to something. The total in my case was a grand health balance on which I hope to draw for some time to come.

Open Letters

- Landlords' Ban on Militiamen
- Harassing the "Thetis'" Bereaved
- Dictators in the Dock

Let all Britain share your smile, Sir John!

Mr. N. CLIVE-PONSONBY-FANE,
Brympton, Somerset

SIR,—You are one of those landowners who make me coldly angry.

Because a Militia camp has been established near by, you and another landlord have closed a footpath at Brympton.

I recognise your rights as private property owners. But would it not be more gracious to allow our young citizen soldiers to use the land they are pledged to defend?—JOHN BULL.

OUTPATIENTS COMMITTEE,
King Edward Hospital Fund

GENTLEMEN,—Scandalous that sick people must wait hour after hour in a cheerless waiting-room before they can receive hospital attention!

For years I have railed against this harmful and unnecessary practice. You tried to end it in 1935, but most hospitals ignored your advice.

Now you are persuading them to consider the non-waiting system introduced at University College Hospital. I suggest that those stick-in-the-mud authorities who still refuse fair play to out-patients should be threatened with a reduction of grants.

Talk in terms of money and they'll quickly discover a remedy!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Do they call you "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways" at home?

You advocate holidays-with-pay. You threaten unwilling employers with compulsion.

Yet your branch managers and their clerks complain to me that they are not allowed paid holidays.

The compulsion should evidently first be directed against yourself.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Oxford

DEAR SIRS,—No doubt your ears are still burning from Mr. Justice Bennett's rebuke. But it's even more necessary that every other council in the land should realise that petty dictatorship will not be tolerated in Britain.

After a long-standing property dispute you used a steam-roller to break down some walls instead of taking your grievance to law.

My postbag proves you are not the only local authority which considers itself above the law. But there never has been an autocracy—big or little—which hasn't eventually been brought low!—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD B. CANNY,
Inland Revenue Chief

DEAR SIR GERALD,—If you want to know why your tax-collectors are popularly supposed to be soulless, listen to this outrageous story:

One of my readers is being dunned for income tax in respect of his son, who died in the *Thetis* disaster. He says he has been informed by an official that the demand must be met, since the dead man had a Post Office Savings account.

But this account cannot be cleared until a death certificate has been issued, which will not be done until the *Thetis* is raised.

I have given my reader certain advice. And I advise you to instruct your zealots not to harass bereaved people. Otherwise I shall communicate with you in blunter language.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Shall thousands of people be slaughtered, thousands more maimed and broken, because of your officials' thick-skulled obstinacy?

The system of mobile police patrols is in jeopardy. Yet wherever it has been tried it has proved astonishingly successful.

In Lancashire, road accidents have been almost halved; in Essex, reduced by a third.

Soon your lieutenants will hold a conference to decide whether this life-saving boon shall be scrapped.

You must intervene and order it to be extended to every district in the land.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
National Pensions Movement

GENTLEMEN,—No need for you to suggest that, in order to pay better old-age pensions, there should be a State loan or a tax on big businesses.

I estimate that if arms profiteering were stopped the Government would save £1,000,000 a week. More than enough to keep our old folk in self-respecting comfort instead of their present distress and despair!—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATE,
Marylebone Police Court

YOUR WORSHIP,—I shouldn't have sent James Hulbert to jail. Unemployed, he left home one morning unable to get his boy even a cup of tea.

From one official institution to another he tramped, explaining that he had been without the "dole" for two months. After seven hours' walking, his nerves snapped when a U.A.B. clerk told him he must walk back to Marylebone, and he broke a window.

You said your were sorry for him, but must send him to prison for seven days. There was no "must" about it; I think you would have displayed your sympathy more effectively by placing him on probation.—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR,
St. James's Square, London

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—Conditions in some armament works are a disgrace to a civilised land.

Girls in their 'teens work overtime without pay, often till eleven or twelve at night. Their health is so affected that some have to be sent home or become hysterical.

I trust that you, whose interest in the welfare of women and young people is unflagging, will join in my attack on this indefensible exploitation of the nation's need for munitions.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—It will be tragic and infamous if the nation's future is imperilled by the smug misers in high places.

Lord Stamp, business leader and economist, speaks the sober truth when he stresses the tremendous advantages which Britain possesses.

Our finances are strong enough to bear any war-time strain.

We have much finer industrial resources, a much greater productive capacity, than other countries.

Our workpeople are second to none in skill and efficiency.

So we should be mighty in war. Why should we not be mighty in peace?

A trade union chief revealed last week that, despite all the demands for A.R.P. and other defence work, more than 130,000 builders are still workless.

We need millions of new houses. We must have new roads, schools, factories. We shall not become an A1 people until the festering disease dens of the slums are swept away.

And these things must be planned and started now. Otherwise the end of the arms boom will overwhelm us with unemployment.

You, as the tight-fisted keeper of the public purse, have the power to inaugurate those tasks.

If you refuse, if you maintain the short-sighted and disdainful niggardliness of the Treasury, you will deserve more odium than that which you incurred as "the worst Foreign Secretary for fifty years."—JOHN BULL.

Mr. OSCAR DEUTSCH,
Cinema Magnate

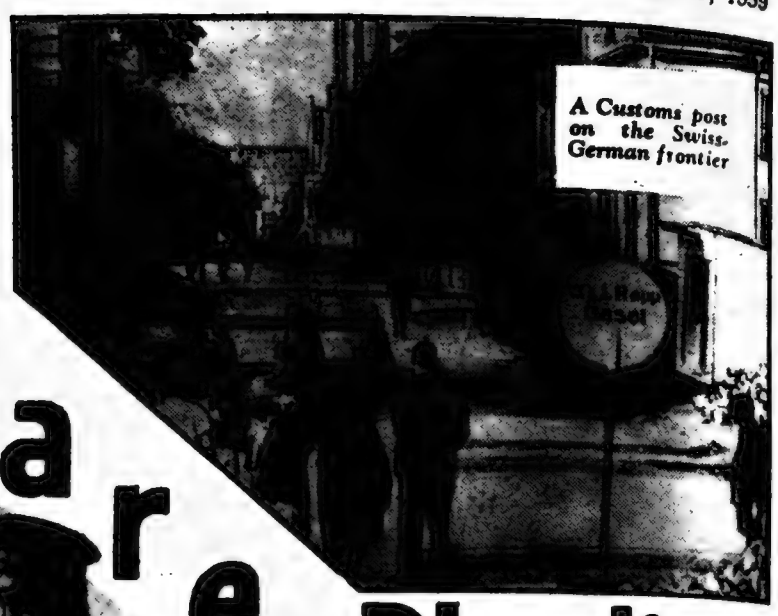
DEAR MR. DEUTSCH,—I congratulate you on a common-sense reform you have introduced in a big London cinema you control.

Standing room is being abolished; every patron will be guaranteed a seat.

This, if generally adopted, would end the notorious racket by which people who pay good prices for seats find on entering the auditorium that no seats are available.

Well, it should be generally adopted—not only in London, but throughout the provinces.—JOHN BULL.

Black Money Bootleggers are Bleeding the Reich!



A Customs post on the Swiss-German frontier

DARING the headsman's axe or the living hell of the concentration camps—Nazi money smugglers are winning their war against the secret police.

Almost every day exchange dealers in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels and Zurich begin operations with new supplies of mark notes or mark coinage, on their books or in their tills. Five thousand pounds' worth of marks is a very small daily capital.

All this money, the very life-blood of the Reich, has come out of Germany by underground channels.

Just before or during a "crisis," each dealer has in hand £20,000 in marks.

For the "Black Bourse," as their exchanges are called, is a more sensitive barometer of the international situation than any diplomatic reports. By the state of their books they know about Hitler's immediate "moves" before Whitehall or the Quai d'Orsay.

Perhaps less than half this smuggled currency to-day is "refugee" money. Most of the Jews remaining in Germany have been bled by the Gestapo, which watches their every movement, and by hordes of currency detectives who infest the shops, banks and markets scrutinising every transaction.

No, a great deal of it is sent out by good "Aryans," German business men who trust the present regime about as far as they can throw it; or by high officials of the Nazi Party itself who are out to make all they can while the going is good.

Whether the money is earnings or plunder, they risk their lives to get it safely translated into foreign currency and stored outside the borders of the Third Reich.

How does this "black money" get out of Germany?

These travellers have nothing to hide but the Nazi frontier official is taking no chances

First of all there is, of course, the personal smuggler, who takes the risks himself and devises his own methods of getting the remnants of his savings out of the country.

His tricks vary enormously, from the desperate expedient of trying to cross the frontier at night from a nearby town to running the gauntlet of the Customs and Gestapo search at the rail or road posts.

Attempting to beat the searchers is the favourite method. And knowing that at the frontier he will be stripped to the skin and all his luggage rigorously examined, the personal smuggler generally *lets the train itself do the smuggling for him.*

He knows that double-bottomed trunks, hollow walking sticks, and valuables concealed in clothing seams and boot heels are not likely to be successful. X-rays and fluoroscopes are used in the searches—and they are not easy to deceive.

But there are other ways: One business man now in London brought out nearly £7,000 in notes of high denomination which he concealed behind the metal notice plates in the train's toilets.

When the frontier search was over and the train went on, a few minutes' work with a screwdriver recovered all his money.

Another ruse has been to take a reserved seat or sleeping compartment from Berlin, say, to Brussels, and to arrive some time before the train goes out and while the compartment is empty.

Then, while friends watch the platform and the corridor the smuggler sticks his notes beneath the carriage seat with adhesive material, or he may put them under, or plant them in the ventilators.

BUT the day of the personal smuggler is almost over.

The Gestapo has made train smuggling too risky. At frontier stations everybody has to get out, seats are pulled back, carpets lifted and hordes of examiners work through the carriages from end to end.

Even the coal in the tenders is turned over, and the screws of likely notice plates are sealed with the Reich stamp in most international trains.

Motorists' tyres are deflated, seat cushions opened up, and cars run over an examination pit. Nazi officials have been very, very suspicious ever since they discovered a car had passed the Customs with a body seating made of solid gold sheet!

Now, instead of the lone smuggler, international gangs are running the black money racket. And they are doing it on "big business" lines.

So vast are the organisations that they can afford to buy the assistance of officials within the Nazi Party. And very profitable they all find it.

In a recent Reichbank scandal it was revealed that a courier travelled in a compartment "sealed" as a Nazi official's and so exempt from examination.

The "seal" had been procured by bribery. Six men got heavy jail sentences over that case, but the ring carried on just as well.

WHEN they contract to deliver cash abroad, "Black Bourse" dealers can do so through a selection of "transfer centres" along the Rhineland frontier where there are whole streets of houses with a front in Germany and a back garden in Belgium.

On the Dutch frontier there are areas with one side of the street German and the other Dutch. The ring pays well for a foothold in such premises. Their agents see to the rest.

In London the dealers convert smuggled marks at the rate of 35 to the £1—at best. These marks are continually smuggled back by the ring, where they buy goods at 12 marks to the £1. The original owner is not likely to have got a better rate than 100 to the £1 from the ring. He suffers, of course, but then his Government would take nearly all his money if he wanted to leave the country.

And the Nazi Government suffers the most from these continual leaks in its already delicate economic structure. Recently in the House of Commons it was mentioned that continual diplomatic representations were being made to this country and to France to compel disclosure of credits held in our banks for German nationals. But this has always been refused.

And there is no need to waste any sympathy on the Nazi Government. If there is any morality at all in this money war, it is on the side of the smugglers who are fighting the most unscrupulous system of national pillage in history, and who are succeeding very well.

STRONGER THAN EVER

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this week, Britain was plunged into the Great War.

1914 was the culmination point of a steady building up of our defence forces for a conflict which many statesmen had foreseen for ten years.

1939 is the end-point of ten years' futile efforts to secure disarmament.

How does our defence strength to-day compare with that of 1914?

Here are the latest figures which JOHN BULL's research staff has compiled from official sources.

One last word: You can take it that all the figures in the right-hand column are *under* estimates.

NAVY.	AUGUST 4, 1914.	AUGUST 4, 1939.
Battleships	34	12
Battle Cruisers	8	3
Cruisers	92	59
Destroyers	290	340
Submarines	72	70
Miscellaneous: Gunboats, Sloops, etc.	25	350 (including 9 aircraft carriers)
Total	521	834
Regular Army and Territorials	586,000	1,000,000 (including Militia
Reserves (on establishment)	146,000	144,000 forces)
AIR FORCE (EXCLUDING FLEET AIR ARM).		
Officers and men	5,000	250,000
Warplanes	120	2,500 (*)

(*) *These are admitted numbers of "first-line" aircraft. There are several times this number of equivalent machines in reserve. There are also 500 first-line aircraft which are posted abroad, and what the Air Ministry calls an "undisclosed addition" to be made to this figure of first-line strength.*

Forget these crises—go out and enjoy yourselves, says the writer of John Bull's famous "Human Machine"

At seventy the Prime Minister has the tremendous task of saving the country from the chaos of war. He is doing his job, and smiling. If everyone in Britain will do the same his task will be lighter

"The Human Machine" has appeared in John Bull without interruption for sixteen years, and its popularity remains constant.

Thousands of readers tell me that they clip this little feature each week and treasure a collection of homely wisdom to which they refer for solace, encouragement and inspiration in time of stress.

So I invited the author to write at length about the tension that is clouding the outlook of so many people throughout the world at the present moment.

He readily consented, and his message will, I think, be appreciated by all who read it, whether they were previously among his regular followers or not. . . .

THE EDITOR.

ONE man I met the other day had just come back from Germany.

He is an engineer, and he has been out there for six months on a job.

He was still a little bewildered. He was still trying to reconcile his experiences with his preconceived notions.

He had gone expecting black looks, rudeness and all sorts of unpleasantnesses. He found instead that he was treated with the respect usually given to an expert, accorded the comradeship always found where good fellows congregate.

And the fact that he was an Englishman had enhanced the warmth of his welcome.

But he also found that he was totally unable to answer the question his fellow-workers asked him: "Why is England preparing for war?"

He hadn't thought about it before, and he's still wondering what the right answer is.

And did you happen to notice what took place the other day on a certain section of the French Maginot Line? A group of soldiers put up a notice which read: "We don't want war."

A MOMENT LATER ANOTHER NOTICE APPEARED IN THE GERMAN SIEGFRIED LINE OPPOSITE. IT READ: "NEITHER DO WE."

Now these two little stories are worth noting, for anyone can multiply them by hundreds if he cares to look round. They are worth all the scares and rumours and half-baked guesses put together.

The world to-day is poisoned by fear, fear of the future, fear of the unknown, fear of what may result from this act or that.

And everyone's going about with a long face, radiating gloom and depression and despair. It's time we snapped out of it and got back to normal.

We've lost our sense of proportion. We've got into a state of mind that can't distinguish any more between fact and fancy. We're playing at life instead of living it.

I'm not going to deny that there's trouble in the world. Of course there is. There always has been. It's nothing new. But that's no excuse for behaving as though catastrophe was coming overnight.

A FEW months ago Ladislas Bekeffi, a famous Continental compère, sent a breath of sanity through a Budapest night club by talking like this to his audience:

"To-day, and for years past, it has been obvious that the whole world's interest is centred on the one question: Will it be peace or will it be war?

"Now, ladies and gentlemen. . . Either the dictator Powers will accept Roosevelt's invitation to a conference, or they won't. If they sit down at a conference table there is nothing to worry about. If they don't, there are two possibilities.

"Either the opposing countries begin shouting into the wireless or they don't. If they don't, there is nothing to worry about. If they do begin shouting, there are two possibilities.

"Either they curse one another, or they don't. If they don't, there is nothing to worry about. If they do, there are two possibilities.

"Either one side takes offence, or it doesn't. If neither side takes offence, there is nothing to worry about. If they do take offence, there are two possibilities.

"Either they will send final warnings, or they won't. If they don't send these warnings, there is nothing to worry about. If they do, there are two possibilities.

"Either Chamberlain will fly to the Continent again, or he won't. If he flies, there is nothing to worry about. If he doesn't, there are two possibilities.

"Either Chamberlain's umbrella starts shooting, or it doesn't. If it doesn't, there is nothing to worry about.

If it starts shooting, well, ladies and gentlemen, then it will be all up with us, anyway, so why should you worry beforehand?"

It may be silly—but it's sense!

Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, also gave us a piece of sense the other day, when he said: "There are many 'isms' to-day to perplex us—Nazism, Communism, Fascism and so forth—but most of them will cancel each other out.

"THERE IS ONLY ONE 'ISM' WHICH KILLS THE SOUL, AND THAT IS PESSIMISM."

ONE of the major troubles with us all to-day is that we've drifted into the habit of taking far too much interest in other people's affairs. We're forgetting to live our own lives.

There's a little nurseryman near me who was left last September with all his roses unsold. No one bought them because of the "crisis."

Not far away there's someone with forty pounds' worth of food buried in the back garden.

There's one house that wasn't decorated. There's another where urgent repairs are still undone because "there might be another crisis at any moment."

There's only one word that really describes all this sort of thing. It's the good old English word "balmy."

The attitude of unreasoning depression that has settled over the country like a cloud of poison gas is the worst possible way, anyhow, of meeting whatever troubles may lie ahead.

IN fact, it's helping to create them.

If there ever was a solid civic responsibility, handed out to every one of us, it is the duty of ceasing to behave like hysterical children and starting to behave once again like intelligent men and women.

Just let us sit back and think. There were people who worried themselves sick last September, weren't there? They worried all over again at Easter. They worry when something happens, and they worry when nothing happens. They worry when statesmen make speeches, and they worry when they don't.

And what do they achieve? They slow up business, they slow up life, they spread all round a dreadful atmosphere that makes everything and everybody a constant irritation.

AND MEANWHILE THE GRASS IS STILL GREEN, THE TREES ARE STILL GOOD TO LOOK ON, THE ROSES BLOOM AND GOD'S FRESH AIR STILL BLOWS ROUND THE EARTH.

Jitterers have still got to work and play, and eat and sleep. When you come down to it, they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Don't think I'm taking things lightly. I'm doing nothing of the sort. But I am practising what I preach. I'm clinging to the knowledge that man is higher than the animals.

I'm continuing to believe that reason is stronger than irrationality. I'm remaining convinced that statesmen may be blunderers, but they're not devils, and that no living man to-day would willingly plunge the world into war if there was any other alternative whatever.

Up to now they've found the alternative, and believe me, they'll go on finding it—if for no higher reason than the fact that they've created a monster that terrifies them as much as it terrifies anyone else.

They're all beaten by their own machinery, and they know it, however much they may brawl and bluster and shout the contrary.

Now it's no use just thinking like this. If you want to help to put things right and keep them right you've got to act on your thoughts.

You've got to begin right now living a normal life. You've got to do what you've planned to do, buy what you'd planned to buy, go where you'd planned to go.

"THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID OF HIS FUTURE," SAID THACKERAY, "NEVER DESERVED ONE." THAT, AS THE AMERICANS SAY, GOES FOR YOU.

For if we are the rational human beings we're supposed to be, our job is to plan for the future, not to fear it. Our job is to make the future by living the present.

LET me give some hard, practical advice—and believe me, I take my own medicine. I'm asking you to do just what I do myself.

Stop being amateur diplomats. Give over being baby politicians. Don't talk about wars and crises and don't think about them. Don't let anyone stampede you into becoming "war-minded."

What we are all apt to forget is that, the world over, other people are just like ourselves. Every country is full of men and women whose chief preoccupation is to earn enough money to keep up a happy home and to get a little pleasure.

I'm afraid we've all allowed our mentality lately to become a little abnormal. We've all thought too much along one line.

I'd like to see us all make a real effort to transform the depressing atmosphere we've allowed to envelop us. The readers of John Bull number several millions. We could do it by ourselves.

For heaven's sake let's get out and about and enjoy ourselves.

Thought and profound belief have before now changed the face of the world. They can do so again. And we can do it

a WOMAN looks at WAR . . .

Miss Hyde. Shell-shocked, she is now resting in England

Compared to this merciless pounding of Hsuchow, the Battle of Waterloo was a mere "pimple"

Into the mad chaos of bomb warfare Miss Robin Hyde, New Zealand authoress, ventured in search of the truth about China. The bravery of the Chinese in their fight for freedom gripped her sympathies. In her book just published, she tells of her adventures, of the horrors of modern war, seen through a woman's eyes.*

AT last the bombers vanish from the sky and the people in Shanghai's Chinese streets come from shelter.

They come out to find dying relatives or shattered homes. Unemotionally they begin to get things straight.

And a street or two away a charabanc-driver announces a conducted tour through the battle area.

"Thirteen dollars," he calls, "and the sentries won't stop us."

Nor do they—for there's a red spot on the windscreen and the Japanese are well in the racket.

You can do the sightseeing for six dollars, but then your car won't have the red spot, and a Jap. might prod you with his bayonet. . . .

That is the attitude of the Chinese to the war. It is the attitude Robin Hyde found in the bloodiest danger zones.

She Knows

Throughout her eye-witness account of the fighting in China there are instances of the same indifference to death, of the spirit that is breaking down Japanese confidence.

And Miss Hyde ought to know, for no writer has been nearer to the conflict.

She saw the battle of Hsuchow ("Beside it Waterloo was a mere pimple," said a Japanese General); she was a prisoner-of-war; she escaped death as a spy by sheer chance; she was so ill-treated that now, shell-shocked and worn-out, she is in the care of doctors.

This gently-nurtured New Zealand girl, a novelist by profession, was sailing to England by way of Hong-Kong, when she decided to see the real China fighting with back to the wall.

Hong-Kong she found a beautiful city. But she felt it was "not truly China."

And so the boat sailed without her. Instead, changing her few remaining pounds into "dollars Mex," she took ship for Shanghai.

She found the great port, bullied by the Japanese and the Ta-Tao (Chinese traitor police), was resigned to bombings.

THOUSANDS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE WERE STARVING IN THE STREETS, DAZED CHILDREN WANDERED ABOUT LOST, FOOD WAS GRABBED BY KIDNAPPING GANGS, AND BEATINGS-UP WERE COMMONPLACE.

Having induced—with some difficulty—the English editor of a Shanghai newspaper to give her a roving commission to the battle front, and money for expenses, Miss Hyde went off to Canton. At last she was in the thick of the fighting

Indifferent

It was an exhausting journey. A previous train had been bombed and machine-gunned. Twenty-three passengers had been killed.

Canton, not being fortified, owing to lack of Chinese aircraft and anti-aircraft guns, was bombed so frequently that the inhabitants were quite indifferent.

THEY GOT WHAT PROFIT THEY COULD OUT OF EACH RAID, SELLING SPENT SHRAPNEL AND BOMBS FOR SOUVENIRS.

The price slumped through the inexhaustible supply, so a small American boy named Jackie bought up quantities at cut prices to take home to the States.

Taierhchwang, a "little place with a big name," was the scene of a great Chinese victory over the Japanese. The Cantonese, deliriously excited, prepared a great torchlight procession and rejoicings. Miss Hyde was there.

Very sore point was Taierhchwang with the Japs. Not only did they lose 700 prisoners, and a great many tanks and guns, but the Chinese beat them with inferior arms, and learnt that they were the best men.

In revenge, the Japanese determined to bomb Canton before the joy procession. They dropped their stuff on a big sewing-machine factory staffed only by women and girls.

It was a ghastly, deliberate, determined massacre. "No act of vengeance or pity in the future can alter it," says Miss Hyde, "nor anything intended as reparation ever overset the marking of that work."

Hundreds of similar acts of ruthless barbarism to cow the Chinese into surrender have but steeled their determination and united them never to make terms, she says.

When she reached Hankow, after many difficulties, she cajoled a pass to go to the front.

Still angry about rejoicings over Taierhchwang, the Japs threatened to bomb Hankow every night of full moon week. "They had to come and bomb us, else there wouldn't be any honour left in Japan. Too bad!" is Miss Hyde's stoical comment.

WHEN THEY CAME, CHINESE 'PLANES AND RUSSIAN, "FLOWN BY TOUGH RUSSIAN PILOTS," DROVE THEM OFF.

Here is a dramatic description of a raid:—

"The searchlights and pursuit 'planes had them chalked out every time . . . first the slender feeling searchlights, a nebulous mass of clouds high up, changing to a golden fleece, then at last the 'plane. . . .

"A moth, silver and gold, pinned round the fleece by fingers that looked so gentle and sensitive, once having found and fingered this bimetallic creature. . . .

"Somebody cried 'There! Edith and I hung out of a window waiting to see the frightened moth, now shooting up and down, suddenly sizzle burning gold. The cheek! To inconvenience our city every night. . . ."

Hankow, though bombed consistently and threatened by huge Japanese forces, still held out. The quiet heroism of the British who stayed on evoked Miss Hyde's admiration.

City of Ruin

Most of the foreign women had been evacuated, but a number remained. "I never saw anything tougher than some of the foreign women," she says. Among them were the wives and daughters of business men, who played tennis when they were not rolling bandages.

The taking of Hsuchow is an exciting story. Before the war the city housed 200,000 people; after its capture less than 8,000 remained

After roughing it in trains with soldiers, Miss Hyde reached Hsuchow, to find the citizens still holding out despite savage, continued bombardment.

Shortly after her arrival an area of over a square mile was wiped out. Not a house was left standing. The ruins were blackened, charred, like the bodies of the dead she saw.

Besides the bombing Chinese and Japanese, heavy guns were pounding at one another across the city. Yet few Chinese despaired.

Restive, scared, shaky, yet humorous, they fled to nearer villages, hoping to return if the Chinese luck turned. Although their soldiers were brave, they were outclassed by lack of mechanical equipment and the absence of 'planes or anti-aircraft guns.

In a few days the Japanese had captured the scarred city. Fleets of sixty 'planes crossed, recrossed, and circled above. One day 200 came.

Seeking refuge in the American Presbyterian Hospital, run by a brave old American woman, Dr. Lizzie, Miss Hyde was trapped by "the lamentable haste of the Japanese."

They were in such a hurry that when they entered seven of their tanks lumbered into pits the Chinese had dug, and they were overwhelmed in a man-to-man conflict. The city was looted, and heaps of bodies of dead civilians lay about the streets until they were eaten by dogs.

Indomitable!

The Japanese gained little by the capture. General Li Chung-jen, in supreme command, who had held the salient for five months longer than was thought possible, evacuated 200,000 of his troops safely.

And after its fall, with Hankow directly threatened, the Chinese high command, "in an act of magnificent and terrible courage," opened the dykes of Kaifeng and thwarted the enemy efforts. Since then guerrilla bands have won back a great deal of the territory.

IN SHORT, JAPANESE VICTORIES EXTEND ONLY AS FAR AS THE DISTANCE THEY CAN REACH WITH THEIR GUNS.

Miss Hyde, a fortnight after the fall of Hsuchow, took her little hand-case and set off for Hankow again.

There followed weeks of suffering and hardship. Her ignorance of either the Chinese or Japanese language led to many crises. On one occasion Japanese soldiers, thinking she was a spy, beat her up cruelly.

They slapped her face for twenty minutes, kicked and stripped her, took all her belongings. But undismayed she threw her few "dollars Mex" in the face of her chief tormentor.

She put them in a rage. But they let her go, because they thought she mistook them for robbers, which touched their pride.

Finally, this indomitable young woman, exhausted, half-starved, reached Tsing-tao, and safety. Hsuchow, she says, "will live again." Canton and Hankow had gone, "neither achieving much of a sunset on western front pages."

But China has not gone! Its spirit also is indomitable.

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* Dragon Rampant"; Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.]

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

Father of the Fair

IN the sixty-three fairs and seventeen carnivals to be held this August Bank Holiday 70,000 people will be employed by Britain's showmen.

To-day, in spite of many changes, there is more money in the business than ever. Several millions of pounds are invested in roundabouts, helter-skelters, swing-boats and circus equipment

Best known of all the showmen of Great Britain is Alderman Patrick Collins, Mayor of Walsall, Freeman of Chester and ex-M.P. He is the "Father of the Fairground," the "Guv-nor" to the hundreds he employs.

Born on a fairground at Chester over eighty years ago, he has owned, in his time, theatres, music-halls and cinemas. But, after brief ownership, he has sold them all. They were just business deals. The fairground has been his life's love.

Pat Collins once retired—forty years ago. He had more than enough money, and he thought that he would lead a quiet life. But it was too dull. He rushed back to the fairground and was soon one of the most active showmen of them all.

His father lived on the old-fashioned roundabouts and swings. Pat, very enterprising, went one better, introduced the huge roundabout, which all went round, floor and roof and everything except the organ and the pay-box.

In his earlier days the music was the old wheezy kind, played on organs that seemed to have a bad cold. To-day, they use gramophones. The sound is amplified so much that people living a long way off complain.

But "the noise" is to-day almost the only thing for which travelling fairs are blamed. Now and then, the police may object to some "strip tease" show, or the way in which an animal is treated. And the Home Office is now threatening the automatic machines and pin-tables, calling them "a lottery." Otherwise fairs are generally respectable and blameless.

In the old days it was different. Ne'er-do-wells and pickpockets became hangers-on, following the fairs about.

To-day the Showman's Guild, membership of which is compulsory, has done so much to raise the general standard that showmen are among the most honest and law-abiding citizens.

Their chief trouble is finding sites; for towns are growing. Land is wanted for building.

EVEN in the days when they could be criticised for many things, fairs took colour and joy, once or twice a year, to small villages, where life was drab. . . .

The show folk are good-natured, kindly people, who have "a way with them." They are a class all by themselves, with a language all their own for use among themselves, and a "gift of the gab" for the customers.

Pat Collins is their champion, their stalwart. As a boy of eleven, often hungry, sometimes on the point of starvation, he was on the road.

He rarely had a bed. Sleeping under a caravan was his idea of luxury.

Fortunately for him, he was handy with his fists; for a year or two later, when he had acquired a few tiny sideshows, he found he had to protect his pitch with his bare hands.

In those days, roughs would go from booth to booth claiming "protection" money—long before Chicago gangsterdom had thought of the "protection racket."

PAT PROTECTED HIMSELF AGAINST THE PROTECTION. HE HAS LIVED TO SEE HIS ROLLING STOCK VALUED AT £600,000, HIS WINTER-TIME STOREHOUSE AND HIS REPAIR SHOPS WORTH MANY THOUSANDS MORE.

To-day he has his own "Fun Fair" factory, one in which some of the "astounding novelties patronised by the Crowned Heads of Europe" were born.

Yet it all began with his earning a few coppers for turning a barrel-organ. Next he had to grind round some galloping horses owned by his father.

● *Pat Collins, enemy of gangsterdom, ex-M.P. and now Mayor of Walsall, is "the Guv-nor" to the hundreds he employs*

Having saved £80, he bought his own roundabout.

"Now," he thought, "Fortune has come to me. I will get engaged."

Indeed, he arranged to be married in Liverpool Cathedral in grand style; but, time after time, his bride had to go on waiting because something always happened to stop Pat from getting the last shilling of the marriage fee.

Even when, at last, a definite date was fixed, the day came without the money.

So Pat pawned his Sunday suit and went to the cathedral in workmen's corduroys and a flaming red handkerchief round his neck.

When walking to his wedding he found a penny in his pocket.

"That's not much good," he said. "I may as well start married life without anything."

So he threw the penny far out into the Mersey.

Walking by his side was a young engineer friend named Henry Maybury, whom he had asked to be his witness. He, too, was poor.

Years later, when he had become Pat Collins, M.P., and the richest showman in the country, he got so furious with the Government's decision over some charge that was to be imposed on the show folk that he strode in fury into the Ministry of Transport.

"Now that I'm the showmen's M.P.," he said, "I'll show them."

They took him upstairs to the chief official's office. Seeing a man seated at his desk, Pat walked towards him angrily.

The official rose, extended a hand, and said, "Hullo, Pat, my old lad. How's Flora?"

He spoke in the accent of the fairground. For the official was Sir Henry Maybury, one of the greatest road construction engineers the country has ever known—AND PAT'S BEST MAN.

Often, on the fairgrounds, they call Pat Collins "the gang-buster." When he was young, the travelling shows were dominated by three gangs—"The Peeky Blinkers," "The Black Mask Gang," and "The Stool Boys."

Pat, determined to beat them at their own game, told the police he would have to retaliate.

"It may mean murder," the police warned him.

But Pat was determined to clean out all roguery and corruption. He equipped the honest showmen and their helpers with knuckle-dusters, rubber pipes filled with lead and beer-bottles filled with sand.

When the leader of "The Peeky Blinkers" came for his protection money Pat floored him with a left straight to the jaw

MEMBERS of the three gangs rushed to the scene, and then the fun began. Blood was spilled and there were broken heads.

But the three gangs had met more than their match. So, for ever, what might have become big-scale fairground Gangsterdom was ended.

They should have had a Pat Collins in Chicago. Then Al Capone might never have started.

Had he not become, by sheer force of circumstance, the champion of the showground, the circus, the carnival and the fair, Pat might have become an excellent fighter for the poor.

HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT POVERTY. HE HAS NO SIDE. HE IS ONE OF THE PEOPLE STILL. HE IS GOOD-NATURED AND BIG-HEARTED AND BLUFF.

Yet, although he has got up-to-date himself, moving with the times and helping his fellow-showmen to do the same, there are aspects of life to-day with which he does not agree.

"Modern girls cannot cook," he says. "When they should be trying to cook legs of pork they try herrings—and spoil those. There'd be no Other Woman, and therefore no divorce court, if women knew their duties."

BUT he doesn't blame the women. He blames the education system.

"It doesn't teach women to be wives and mothers," he says. "It lets them grow up thinking that love and romance make a marriage, but doesn't tell them that bad meals drive all the love talk out of the home.

"It is all very well training girls as typists and machinists, but if all they think about is titivating themselves up with lipstick and rouge what hope is there?"

Well, Pat has done well enough without education. He taught himself to read and write, using old newspapers as his lesson-books—under a caravan.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

AT the outbreak of the Great War, William Atkinson, of Sunderland, serving in the regular Army, was quickly sent overseas.

He holds a splendid military record, gaining the D.C.M. and four other medals.

Please help him!

Now only forty-six, he is unable to get about, for when in action he lost his left foot and half of the right foot. Despite his terrible handicap, he got a job after years of unemployment. But just after starting he fell from his bicycle. His thigh was fractured and one leg became permanently useless.

His Army pension and workmen's compensation now constitute his sole income. Yet he has a wife and two children to maintain and a son is unemployed.

Will you help? Donations earmarked "Regular," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from Anon. (Wirral).

Germany has thousands of British-born people in her pay. Perhaps YOUR neighbour works for the—

SPY RING in BRITAIN

Major-General H. Pownall, Director of Intelligence, War Office

Britain has the best Secret Service in the world. She fears no professional spies. But the Nazis are using British-born subjects. Thousands of minor observers are in Berlin's pay. Each adds a morsel to the German store. They are the modern spy menace.

THIRTY-THREE countries are known to maintain spy organisations in this country.

One of them is our ally, France. But don't worry about that. France is one of the fifty-odd countries on which we spy!

Secret Service agents come and go on every tide. The faces of some of them are quite familiar to our own watchers.

But the only Power whose spying activities are really worrying us—you can guess it!—is Germany.

There are German agents in the vicinity of every big armament factory.

German spies stalk the country lanes wherever there are aerodromes to be found.

Ears are listening on behalf of Germany wherever State secrets are discussed by indiscreet tongues.

But that's not the real trouble. Such activities are to be anticipated. Spying ourselves—nobody does it better!—we expect to be spied on.

What is causing real concern to the authorities, however, is the ease with which Germany is finding British-born people to do her subversive work.

We Know Them

We could put four out of every five of the German-born agents operating in this country behind prison bars to-morrow, if we wished to do so.

A spy of whose activities you are aware ceases to be a danger. Our own Secret Service knows how to make assets of them.

Germany has never forgotten that 21 German master spies out of 21 in this country were rounded up on August 4, 1914, the moment it no longer suited us to have them at large.

We are not afraid of Germans or any other foreigners who seek to wrest our secrets from us.

But when thousands of English people become observers in a minor capacity for their hirers in Germany—and that is what is happening—the spy menace is intensified.

And how much worse it becomes when the German authorities are able to send here trained spies whom they have furnished—by a trick which we intend to reveal—with real, genuine British passports

When Germany is able to make British subjects to order, so to speak!

Now there are 21,100 Germans living in this country—people, that is, who possess German passports, Germans whom Germany believes to be loyal to the Reich.

NOT ONE OF THEM IS A MASTER SPY OF THE TYPE DEAR TO FILMGOERS. NONE OF THEM HAS SECRET WIRELESS SETS OR ROOMS WITH UNDERGROUND PASSAGES. NOT ONE EVEN BOTHERS HIS HEAD ABOUT DISGUISES.

Quite apart from false moustaches, dope phials, attache-cases with false bottoms and the other perquisites of the spy of fiction, you'd find it hard to find a single incriminating document harboured or carried by a German spy.

In the New Style

Germany has, indeed, even outgrown the spy of the Carl Lody type—who was as near as anybody to being the master spy of popular imagination.

To-day she wants—in thousands—people who see no more and hear no more than you yourself could in travelling about your own country.

These are days, she reasons, in which whole countries would become battlefields.

Plans of a new gun might still be useful—but all-important is the steady trickle of trivial information which she can get from every part of the country.

Germany has been able to get the people to do this work from her 21,000 people living here and from the ranks of people we are ashamed to call Britons. They do not run big risks of being caught.

They do not seek interviews. They don't even attract suspicion by asking questions. They merely have to be hale-fellow-well-met.

All they have to do is to listen and absorb, to see and remember. And for that information Germany will pay.

The more ordinary-looking a person, the more legitimate his reason for living in a district where he can get his information, the more useful he is to Germany.

Let us look once more at those 21,000 Germans resident here.

Our authorities are satisfied that some 4,000 of them—although professing to be members of the German Labour Front, as Hitler expects all Germans abroad to be—would be happy if the Nazi regime collapsed to-morrow.

Some of those 4,000 are German technicians working with firms engaged in armaments. For the majority of them our Secret Service could vouch, *although no undue chances are taken.*

What about the others?

It is estimated that at least 10,000 of them, while not paid spies in any sense of the word, regard it as their duty to the Reich to pass to Germany any information that comes their way.

Those 10,000 probably don't go out of the way to get news. But 10,000 people, living in all parts of a country which is re-arming as intensely as Britain, can't help seeing a lot useful to the people in Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse.

AND THE NAZIS THERE ARE BUILDING UP, FROM TINY JIG-SAW PIECES, THE ENTIRE PICTURE OF OUR GREAT PULL-YOURSELF-TOGETHER EFFORT.

Of that 10,000, 250, at most, are professional spies masquerading as business men or professional men in this country.

Remember that 101 German journalists, helped by editorial assistants and secretaries, are working in London.

Men at the Top

Your guess as to how many people should be necessary to interpret Britain through a newspaper Press that speaks with one voice should be as good as anybody else's.

Anyhow, it is the professional spies who provide the bigger jig-saw pieces for the compilers in Berlin.

There is a still higher grade of German agent here. They listen-in to our Gossips in High Places, make social contacts, organise and supervise espionage work, make payments on behalf of the German Secret Service where necessary, and frighten their countrymen living here into what they neatly term "patriotic inactivity."

Many Germans who hate the idea of taking the smallest part in German espionage have been driven to it when they have received letters from relatives in Germany saying: "For God's sake do something, or we shall be made to suffer."

The number of these higher-grade agents? Twenty at least, because our own Secret Service is aware of most of their activities. In any case, not more than fifty.

But, as we have said already, it is not the espionage work of known Germans in this country that worries us.

We know what they are up to. So we just make their work as expensive as possible.

Here is just one example of that: We were going to remove a certain aero-engine from the secret list because there was no longer any reason why the public shouldn't know all about it. Then we found

Closely watching innocent passers-by, the Nazi agent tries to find a double for a colleague waiting to enter Britain as a spy. The double is used to obtain a passport

EXCLUSIVE REVELATIONS

Picture such a German agent walking the streets of, say, Leeds with one of these pictures concealed in the palm of his hand.

He compares hundreds and hundreds of the young men he meets until he finds one who is like the young German whose photograph he carries.

He turns the photograph over, finds the resemblance extends to height and colouring as well, and then follows the young fellow.

Days Well Spent

He is prepared to spend days planning how to meet him in such circumstances that he can ask three or four simple questions.

First he wants to know the young man's name. Next, his address. Also he wants to make sure that the man is not in possession of a British passport and is not likely to seek one for some years, if ever.

If the young fellow is likely to join the Army, Navy or Air Force, he is noted as a man who will be able to get all the travel he wants without needing a passport.

Unless the agent is not absolutely sure of his chance acquaintance he drops him and begins a search for somebody else. You are working for a patient master if you work for Germany, and can show results.

Now, why should the German Secret Service be interested in a young chap whose only claim to notice is that he hasn't got a passport and isn't likely to apply for one? That is easily explained.

By application at Somerset House it is an easy matter to buy a copy of the lad's birth certificate.

Armed with details about him and that certificate, it is easy to find some trusting person who will sign his passport application form.

AND THAT DONE, IT IS EQUALLY EASY TO PROVIDE SOME ENGLISH-SPEAKING YOUNG GERMAN NAZI WITH A BRITISH PASSPORT.—AND EVERY SEMBLANCE OF BRITISH CITIZENSHIP.

But not until this "new Briton" has taken one or two short trips to France or Belgium and got a few blue stamps on his passport to take the newness off it does he take up his duties as a spy for Germany.

Renegades

Seizure of posed pictures of cricket, football, hockey and other teams in the post opens up other possibilities.

It is always easy to trace, say, the second man from the left in the front row, or the third man from the right in the top row, if such a man can be matched with some English-speaking young Nazi.

It is not known for sure that this trick has been used—but the suspicions are that it has.

Such small-scale spies and the renegade Britons who work with them are to be found everywhere, their ears cocked for snippets of information which you might think a Great Power might disdain.

But don't you believe it. The meagrest trifle might be just the confirmation needed for some more important fact.

And that more important fact might be the all-important fact if it is the one piece missing in one of Berlin's jig-saws.

A letter intercepted in the post recently told a German "business man"—in code—how many aeroplanes rose from a neighbouring Air Force aerodrome on a particular Sunday and how the figure compared with week-day flights.

What a worthless crumb of news for a spy to bother about—a man who, in popular imagination, should be spending his time wresting secret plans from the dossiers of Ministries.

But our Secret Service didn't view it in that light.

What the Germans were anxious to find out was how many more machines and men were in the air on days when members of the Auxiliary Air Force were going through their paces—not only at that aerodrome but all over the country.

We cannot be more detailed—but we can reveal that even that was a small part of a wider and more important enquiry.

Well, all this is modern spying of the kind Germany has perfected.

There is nothing perfidious about it—no need for hatred.

First-Hand

When we wanted to know how a section of French public opinion would respond in case of war we found out through our Secret Service. We didn't rely on other people's opinions.

When France was trying to assess the odds against Conscription being introduced in Britain she found out through her Secret Service.

And when she wanted to assess the mettle of our Militia she made her enquiries in the same way.

We want to know the strength and disposition of Germany's armed forces, the numbers and fighting value of her aircraft, the war-capacity of her industries.

She won't tell us, but we find out just the same. We repeat, no Secret Service knows more about "finding out" than ours.

Actually, nations are stern realists about this question of spying.

They regard espionage and counter-espionage as a Higher Chess that must be played.

Hate renegade Britons as you may, there is every justification for Germany's vast network of spies that exists in this country.

Your job is to help defeat it.

For just as the man who sits next to you in train, tram or bus is the best of all spies judged by modern standards, so are you the man best able to thwart him.

Be silent about any special fact you know about re-armament or our armed forces, no matter how small a thing it seems. Remember those jig-saws.

Discourage other people from talking.

And be alert, so that if ever a spy crosses your path you won't be put off by his cloth cap and homely accent and talk about the Arsenal. If you look out for master spies of film dimensions you'll miss him.

Room M.I. 5, Whitehall, headquarters of the British Secret Service, may be a long way off. But only a telephone wire separates it from the smallest village police station.

that the Germans were desperately anxious to get details of it.

So we delayed making the information public for five weeks. And in that time German agents spent, as far as can be estimated, £20,000 in their efforts to get the plans.

Costs Us Less

In their desperation they committed so much correspondence to the post that we got the names and addresses of three German spies whom we had never heard of before.

ON TOP OF THAT, THE VERY MORNING THE PLANS REACHED BERLIN THEY WERE MADE ACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC IN LONDON!

Yes, we have always been better spies than the Germans, and at less cost, too.

Our £700,000 a year, split between the Intelligence Departments of the Navy, Army and Air Force, and the team of political agents of the Foreign Office, goes much further than the £11,350,000 a year lavished between the spy departments of Goebells' "enlightenment" office, the Gestapo, the Reichswehr and the Labour Front.

We know more about what is happening in Germany than the Germans know about our defences—and information is the acid test of the spy.

But what is worrying us is the recent and rapid growth in this country of a shadowy spy army with which we cannot get to grips, and which we cannot even estimate in numbers.

The spies who make up that army have British passports, live British lives, so that there is nothing to distinguish them from you, your friend, and the man next door.

Who are they?

Nineteen out of twenty of them are believed to be renegade Englishmen, working for German money or because of some real or fancied grievance against Socialists, Catholics, Jews, Freemasons or other victims of Nazi terrors.

The others are Germans who are being furnished with British passports and given every stamp of being British citizens by methods of which our Secret Service has learned.

First of all, fanatical young Nazis studying at German universities are given intensive courses in the English language to enable the authorities to pick out as many as possible who can be taught to "speak English like a native."

That done, photographs of the young students are taken, reduced to something like the size of cigarette-cards, and, with details of height and colouring written on the back, sent to Englishmen acting as German agents in London, Birmingham and other big cities.

Charlie Ferny—5

A bitter village feud died in the eerie shadows of the church tower — but Rector wasn't too pleased.

by David Adam

"There was a light on the stair . . . and with it came the hollow sound of cautious feet!"

Ghost of NESTON MAGNA

"RIGHT, gen'lemen, if you'll set your chairs. . . ." Charlie Ferny came from behind his bar, shirtsleeves rolled back, his great fists gripping the straps of a set of shining brass handbells.

There was a scutter of chairlegs on the stone flags of the tap-room floor, and seven of the Neston Magna bellringers seated themselves in a solemn little circle. . .

Jim Bates, his gaunt red neck rising from the starched collar he wore even when he did his early milking: Postman Parsons, stubby fingers gripping blue serge trouser knees: Reuben Twenty-man, whose seemingly fragile old shoulders could lead the thirty hundred-weight of the church's tenor bell through a maze of changes without tiring.

Jem Turvey, in whose heart bell-ringing came next to a night in the woods with his ferrets: Ben Stevens, the butcher and treble-ringer, who could coax a touch from his meat-hooks.

To each Charlie handed a bell, and when he came to a gap in the circle, he raised grey, enquiring eyes to the two young men who hung back, silently and sullenly, one each side of the fireplace, leaving the eighth chair empty.

"Come orf it, you two," said Charlie. "'Oo's goin' to ring Number Six? You, Eric? Or Ted?

A non-committal grunt came from Eric Barton, and Ted Willings merely glowered. They were young men, but they nursed an old bitterness.

Nobody knew the beginning of it; but the feud had grown up with them from their schooldays, through a series of stand-up fights and jealous rivalries. Such a habit of enmity dies hard in a small community.

Even to-night, with Rector's Jubilee peal of Stedman Triples to be rehearsed on the handbells, they could not forget.

When Old Sam Tafter had sadly to admit that his lumbago had brought an end to fifty-three years of steady pulling on the rope of Number Six, the choice of a successor fell between these two. As ringers, there was nothing to choose between them.

And, since their feud was well known, nobody would bring himself to make the choice. There was no precedent: no system about the Neston Ringers.

No Guild that might summon a committee to decide who should ring Number Six in the peal that was to mark Rector's Jubilee. Neston Ringers had come and gone, and when one went there was always another to take his sally, and no argument.

BOTH Eric and Ted had rung many a touch, but never a full peal: they were not of the "regulars," and things had not come to a head until Old Sam hitched his rope for the last time.

Charlie, as he stood looking at the two sullen youngsters, felt the eyes of the other ringers on him, and he knew that they expected him to deal with the deadlock. He put the bells on the table and pulled a penny from his pocket.

"This'll settle it for to-night, anyway," he said, and spun the coin. "Heads it's Ted: tails Eric."

The penny clattered to the floor, heads uppermost, and Charlie handed the bell silently to Ted Willings.

With a quick glance at Eric, Ted took the bell and slid into the vacant chair.

Charlie, taking his place, said, "Ready, lads?" There was a murmur of assent, and the innkeeper gave the word.

From the thin silver of the treble to the mellow resonance of the tenor, the eight little bells gave tongue, their voices weaving an intricate, subtly-changing pattern of sound in the smoke-heavy air of the tap-room.

And Ted Willings, Number Six firmly gripped in his right hand, mouth uppermost, was too intent on threading his way evenly through the changes to notice that the look on Eric Barton's face had nothing in common with the sweet music of the bells.

THE touch finished, and the tap-room strangely silent, the eight ringers relaxed in their wooden chairs, while Charlie busied himself behind the bar, drawing off eight good pints of ale.

"The question is," he said, "when do we 'ave a *real* re'earsal? Let's see—there's a dart match with the Umblecombe lads on Thursday. What about Friday?"

"Aye, Friday's as good a night as any," said Jim Bates. But Reuben Twentyman's old face clouded.

"You wunna get *me* near belfry on Friday," he said. "'Tes Ole Barty's night, Eighteenth o' May. Just thirty-five years ago, as I reckon, since they found Barty Green at the top o' they stairs, dead as last year's cow-parsley. An' Number Six tolling for 'im, they do say, though theer was ne'er a mortal 'and on 'er rope."

Reuben's aged voice quavered with foreboding, and there was a grave little chorus of "Ah, so 'tis!" from several of the older ringers.

Charlie knew the story well, though it had happened many years before his coming to Neston. Old Barty Green was a great ringer in his day, and had pulled the rope of Number Six for nearly half a century before that night when, staying behind to grease the gudgeons of his bell, his ancient heart had found the long spiral stair to the bell-chamber too much for it.

There was nothing mysterious about his death, Charlie reckoned; but the grim old belfry, late at night, was a good setting for a local legend. And a legend it had become, growing, down the years, into Neston's one ghost story.

"'Tes said as 'ow if anybody was to ring Number Six on Barty's night, 'e'll come down the stair, muttering to 'imself as 'e allus did when 'e were riled," Reuben went on. "Aye, an' it 'd be a brave man that 'd bring Old Barty back."

Again there was a murmur of assent from the other ringers; then the voice of Eric Barton, whom everybody had forgotten, came from the corner by the fireplace.

"Pack o' fairytales," he said, rudely.

Old Reuben turned indignantly on the interrupter. "You'm a-speakin' out o' your turn, young Barton," he said, his voice high with the intense irritation he felt. "There's things as you're too young and feckless to unnerstand—and this is one o' them."

"You an' yer ghosties," said Eric, leaning back in his chair. He was drawing some comfort from thus baiting old Reuben.

Charlie was taking no part in the talks. Indeed, he was scarcely listening; his mind was pursuing an odd train of thought.

The eighteenth of May. . . The date seemed to strike a chord in his memory. . . . What was it, now? No, it wasn't anybody's birthday; yet within the last few days someone had mentioned that very date to him. . .

Ah! Now he had it! . . . Mars. . . . Rector had spoken of the planet being very near to earth that night, Rector being a keen astronomer. . . .

Here Charlie's train of thought was rudely broken. Ted Willings, coming to Reuben's aid, was facing Eric Barton across the table, and the voices of the two youngsters, hot with anger, told the innkeeper that the feud had broken out again, and very thoroughly.

"You're talkin' too big for your size, Eric Barton," Ted Willings was saying. "Who was afeared to go through the churchyard on Christmas Eve?"

"I were on'y a nipper then," said Eric, his thick neck crimson. "An' you've no call to talk, Ted Willings. Happen you forgotten runnin' away from a pair o' great big shining eyes as belonged to Darky Bundock's goat?"

FOR a moment it seemed that things would come to a fight. Both young men, tense with fury, were unconsciously shaping up for it, when Charlie, who brooked no disorder in his inn, stepped between them.

"Chuck it, both on yer," he said, briskly, and thrust them apart. "You're a fine, brave pair of bell-ringers, you are. Why, you 'aven't got enough courage between yer to go near the belfry on Friday night, I'll lay a quart o' me best mixed."

The innkeeper looked from one to the other. The challenge was direct, and two resolute chins told him that it had found its mark.

"I bain't afeared," said Ted, stoutly: and—

"Nor be I," echoed Eric.

Charlie regarded them sceptically. "Ar," said he, "'s'easy enough to be brave now. I'll believe you when I 'ears Number Six ring on Friday night."

The innkeeper cocked his head as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him. "Tell yer what," he said. "Seein' as 'oo's 'ow yer can't make up yer minds 'oo's goin' to ring Number Six in Rector's peal, mebbe this'll settle it. The one 'oo plucks up courage to ring that bell on

(Continued on page 24)

What am I to do about Jack's tea? He comes in at all times – and he's so fussy."
That's just like my Fred – but I'll tell you what...
This salmon's grand! It gives you an appetite and satisfies it at the same time!
And that tells me something – it's real economy to buy the best."

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

She's wise to feed him well, to give him John West's Middle-cut Salmon for tea. It's the best part of a prime red salmon cooked in all its freshness to melting tenderness. Every tasty morsel is full of nourishment — rich with its natural oils. It's a tempting treat for a tired man — a feast for a hungry one.

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VANILLA CREME

If you've a sweet tooth, you'll say 13 is your luckiest number ever! Your nearest sweetshop has thirteen delicious Cadbury Filled Blocks (see the panel on the left). Each of these blocks gives you eight whole bites right into your *favourite* centre — all for 2d. When you buy a Cadbury Filled Block, you get all your favourite centre *and nothing else*. That's why sweet-tooths everywhere are saying 'Cadbury's Filled Blocks are biggest and brightest buy.' They prefer the Cadbury centres, the Cadbury milk chocolate coating, the Cadbury value for money.

Try a **FRUIT SUNDAE** *today. Three delicious fruits blended into one gorgeous centre. Orange for flavour, pineapple for freshness and cherries to thrill you! The coating is Cadbury's famous Dairy Milk chocolate. Ask for Cadbury's Fruit Sundae Block, 2 oz. 2d.*

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Shave it clean off again and your beard with it. You'll revel in the extra after-shave comfort.

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Continuing Short Story

The Ghost of Neston Magna

● Superstitious villagers said the shade of the Old Barty haunted the church tower, but Charlie Ferny, popular landlord of the Fox By The Hill, was not impressed.

TWO young men standing awkwardly apart beneath the looped bell sallies. Ted and Eric, a sullen silence on both of them, and looking a little foolish in the dim light of the oil lamp they had kindled on the wall.

A little nervous, too, for the shade of Old Barty, which had seemed so far from reality in the cheerful bar of the Fox By The Hill, here in this dark-cornered chamber became a blood-chilling possibility.

"So," said Charlie, pausing at the stairhead with a cheerful grin that seemed altogether misplaced on such a night in such a place. "Yer both turned up, eh? That makes it awkward, don't it?"

He looked from one to the other before he went on, that faint note of challenge still in his voice.

"But mebbe now you're 'ere, an' it's so near to Barty's time, you don't feel so much like ringing 'im up on Number Six?"

Ted found tongue first. "I said I bain't afeared, and I bain't," he affirmed stoutly, and reached resolutely for Number Six's sally.

"'Old 'ard," said Eric, thrusting back Ted's outstretched arm. "*I'm* agoin' to ring that bell."

The innkeeper once more intervened.

"Nark it, you lads," he said, briskly. "We can't toss for it 'ere. Rector wouldn't like that. Which o' you was 'ere first?"

"I were," said Eric.

"Then you shall ring."

Young Eric's brow glistened slightly in the dim light of the oil lamp as he raised Number Six, grasping the rope and pulling it none too gently downwards, to lift the fifteen hundredweight of the bell into its ringing position.

The voice of Number Six spoke with a frightful clamour in silence—"Bam—bam—bam"—as Eric heaved at the rope, the sally flashing up into the gloom of the high-roofed chamber and down again to his hands.

Up—down—up—down, while Number Six sent out its thunderous message over the quiet village and away, if the legend were true, to the listening soul of Old Barty. . . .

Eric was sweating profusely now, but the sweat lay cold on his brow, and Ted's eyes were starting as they followed the flight of the sally.

Friday night'll ring it for the peal. And I'll be there to see fair play."

Eric and Ted glanced at each other. There was no backing out now.

Charlie's next words clinched it, before they had time either to demur or to accept the challenge.

"I'll be waiting in the tower, Friday night at nine o'clock."

* * *

Friday night at nine o'clock. A black night with no more light than was shed by pin-prick stars, with a westerly wind soughing in the elms about the old church, and not a sound else save the crunch of gravel beneath Charlie's feet as he picked his way with deliberate tread towards the dark, arched door that broke the grey expanse of the belfry wall.

The latch clicked beneath his thumb, and the strange, heavy smell of the sleeping church entered his nostrils. The smell of oaken pews and aged hassocks and prayer books and altar flowers.

The faintest glimmer of light on the stone steps that led to the ringing chamber told him that he was not the first to arrive.

The light strengthened as he climbed the stairs, and when he reached the top he saw what he had hoped to see—what, indeed, he had gambled on seeing.

Charlie, unmoved, stood with arms folded across his broad chest, the shadow of a smile on his face.

"Stop!"

The shout, thin and sharp with fear, cut through the bell's heavy reverberance, and Eric, looking over his shoulder, saw that Ted was pointing with an unsteady forefinger towards the spiral staircase that led to the bell-chamber above.

The rope slid through his fingers unchecked, and Number Six's clangerous cries died down.

For there was a light on the stair. A faint but growing light which seemed greenish and unearthly where it met the mellow rays of the oil lamp.

And with it came the hollow sound of cautious feet on the winding stone steps, and a voice which echoed and re-echoed in an angry mutter, growing louder and nearer as the light grew stronger.

In a moment Charlie was alone in the ringing chamber, with only the slight swing of Number Six's rope to show that he had had company.

HIS shoulders shook slightly, but the sound of his chuckle was lost in the clatter of two pairs of feet as Eric and Ted raced downwards.

The innkeeper straightened his face and walked across the ringing chamber to the foot of the stair, now brilliantly lit with a white glare.

* * *

At the lych gate below the sleeping churchyard, panic ceased to pluck at the hearts of the fugitives. Their flying feet slowed; they even found courage to stop, to peer back over the churchyard wall, through the eerie dark, wondering why the innkeeper preferred the company of Old Barty's shade to their own—on the safer side of the old stone wall.

Two figures detached themselves from the door in the tower, and the beam of an electric torch threw a dancing disc of light on the gravel path before them.

Charlie Ferny and Rector. The innkeeper walking in silence, his head slightly on one side, listening with mute apology to the indignant protests of Rector.

From the deeper shadow of an aged elm that had thrust a breach in the wall, the two youths heard a good deal of what Rector was saying.

". . . *Too* bad, Ferny. . . The fright of my life. . . . You can't imagine what that bell sounds like when you're up on the roof of the tower . . . thought my eardrums would burst. . . .

"To-night of all nights. . . . Might have known that I should be up there with my telescope. . . . Mars . . . only 47,000,000 miles from earth. . . . Rarely nearer than that. . . . Splendid opportunity. . . . Quite spoiled. . . ."

WHEN Rector's voice had faded into an indignant drone, the listeners crept silently away along the grass verge of the path beside the churchyard.

They spoke no word and were grateful for the dark. . . .

The little wooden panel that records the Rector's Jubilee Peal of 5,040 changes, rung in two hours 48 minutes, bears nine names, though Neston has but eight bells. Keen campanologists who ask Verger Burnup to explain this phenomenon are told that Eric Barton and Ted Willings rang exactly 2,500 changes each—and very truly rung, too, for youngsters.

And if Verger Burnup is in the mood, he may even tell the story of the feud that so mysteriously died that night

But only the landlord of the Fox By The Hill could tell them why it is that, should ever hostilities threaten to break out again, the mere mention of Barty Green, or May the Eighteenth, restores the peace as by magic. . . .

NEXT WEEK Charlie Ferny scores his greatest triumph when he saves Neston Magna from the clutches of a roadhouse profiteer.

By Candlelight

THROUGH the half-open window a night breeze fluttered the curtains and set the candle flame dancing by the sleeper's bed.

An open book lay on his pillow. He breathed deeply, regularly.

Suddenly there came a stronger gust and the candle toppled over. On to a pile of magazines. Ten seconds later the papers were blazing. Flames licked the edge of the bedclothes and set them on fire.

The sleeper stirred as smoke reached his nostrils. And the open book fell on to his face. That probably saved his life. The next moment he was fully awake.

He leapt across the room and seized the water-jug from the washstand. With the contents he partly quenched the flames. There followed a breathless struggle, but in the end the fire was put out.

He lit another candle and surveyed the damage. Bedclothes were ruined; the carpet was badly burned. But as he glanced down his face lighted momentarily. A chared piece of buff-coloured paper caught his eye. A familiar head appeared on it.

He made up another bed and was soon soundly asleep. He worried no more about the damage.

Why? Because the scrap of paper was what remained of his copy of JOHN BULL. And he remembered that as he had signed a coupon from JOHN BULL and sent it off some weeks before he would not have to bear the loss of the fire.

He knew that he was entitled to the benefits of JOHN BULL's unique free family insurance scheme and that he could expect a cheque to cover the damage.

Sure enough the cheque came along and the bedroom was put right.

Are you protected as he was? If not, don't hesitate a minute longer. Turn to page 33, fill in the coupon and post it to us. You'll never regret it.

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So you've taken to a pipe!

. . . the first, surely, since that unhappy experience at the age of thirteen. You're wondering what to put in it? Most people prefer tobacco, though I once met an old gentleman in Simla — but of course, you mean the *kind*. Well, take your Uncle's advice and start with Four Square. You can spend a deal of money trying this and trying that, but you'll come to Four Square in the end. I'll tell you why : there's no artificial flavouring in Four Square. What difference does that make? Just buy an ounce, my boy, and you'll see for yourself!

FOUR SQUARE

8 TOBACCOS FROM 1/- : NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/- oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/0½d oz
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„ —Medium-Light (Blue)	1/4d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/4½d oz

SAMPLE this of all eight blends 1/2d from your regular tobacconist. In case of difficulty write to George Doble & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/2d.

The New Garbo

GARBO has changed! How? Come on the "set" in the issue of the "Picturegoer," just out, and see her making her new film, "NINOTCHKA." This exciting feature is news you mustn't miss, but it's only one of many film thrills in this week's "Picturegoer." There are whole-page portraits in COLOURS of ROBERT TAYLOR and LANA TURNER, and a superb colour portrait of the New Garbo on the cover—(You'll think it worth spending twopence on the "Picturegoer" for these alone). There are beautiful pictures of stars in the news and of "shots" from films . . . Reviews of films you'll soon be seeing . . . "Talkie Title Tale" —a new film feature that's intriguing filmgoers everywhere, and . . . *but why not get a copy at once and see for yourself why the "Picturegoer" has by far the greatest sale* of any film magazine, not only in Britain, but in all Europe.

PICTUREGOER · JUST OUT

TWOPENCE

Humanist tells you how to find friends

The Lonely Thirties...

"Twenty-year-olds keep together"

"I have to live alone"

"NOW that I am in the thirties," writes a young woman reader, "I find it terribly difficult to make congenial friends. I have to live alone, which is awful. If one goes to dances all the 'twenties' play together, and as soon as they reach my age the men are married and therefore dance with their wives.

"I am fond of dancing, but it is hopeless going alone, as people come in groups and parties. All the clubs are either for ladies or for gentlemen. I don't know of one mixed club.

"I have no brothers or sisters, and being quite alone in this big world with people who are selfish and narrow-minded, I wonder if you have any suggestions to make.

"JOHN BULL seems to be helpful in many ways. If you would only run a nice Bachelor Club where bachelor girls could invite men to a dance or vice-versa!

"There are crowds of good lonely men about, and there are thousands of lonely women.

The usual answer to my problem is to advise one to join a dramatic society or a tennis club, but it is all hopeless. . . ."

I get letters about this subject every day of the year, yet it is never easy to answer them with complete satisfaction. I am genuinely sympathetic, but sympathy is not enough.

There is need for some practical suggestions.

It is not true to say there are no mixed clubs. There are quite a number connected with religious bodies, political parties, literary societies, and a great many movements which aim at some particular reform.

They do not exist primarily to bring lonely men and women together, but they do this incidentally and (a strong point in their favour) they bring together people with similar interests and enthusiasms.

There are classes in the evening institutes, for example, meeting almost every night of the week from the end of September to the following May or June.

Any lonely man or woman can meet congenial spirits in the literary institutes and the cost is trivial. In London the fee is fifteen shillings a year, and there are similar opportunities in other big towns and cities.

Why does the writer say that dramatic societies and tennis clubs are all hopeless?

They are mixed clubs, at any rate, and they exist everywhere.

But before I pass on to the next letter I must explain that I cannot undertake to introduce readers to one another, nor can I organise clubs where lonely people could get together.

Such clubs are needed in hundreds of towns all over the British Isles and must therefore be managed locally.

Now here is another letter sent to me in strict confidence, and before quoting it I must ask you please to realise that *I cannot give other readers an introduction either directly or indirectly.*

MY correspondent says:

"I am twenty-three years of age, not exactly what one would class as a Robert Taylor, but quite passable in looks.

"I have a steady job that brings me in between £3 10s. and £4 a week. Yet I seem unable to find a companion.

"Older people tell me I am young and have plenty of time to think about such things in the future. But time marches on.

"And I still have no friend to go out with at night, no one to take to a kinema, or to go rambling with. I am missing all the good things that come along when a young man and a girl become friends.

"Sometimes I have visions of the sort of home I should like, and how I should plan it; but the vision seems to disappear simply because I do not happen to have a partner who would help me to build this dream home.

"When I tell people I should like to meet a nice girl, they say I am 'looking for trouble'; but who said anything about trouble? If two people meet and become friends, who is going to make the trouble? I know I shouldn't.

"It isn't that I haven't tried to find a companion, because I have. I have attended dances and tried dozens of other ways, but up to the present I have had no luck.

"I shall be very grateful for any advice you can give me."

ONE might imagine that this young man lived in a tiny village or on a lonely island off the Scottish coast; but he lives in a large city. I was in that city a few weeks ago and I know there was no lack of eligible young women—very fine-looking ones, too!

What can be the difficulty? Perhaps the young man wants nothing less than absolute perfection!

Humanist

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

He has a right to expect perfection—provided he is 100 per cent. perfection himself.

The marvel to me is not that he has found nobody but that nobody has found him.

He won't be lonely much longer: I am pretty certain of that.

He is in a position to marry and wants to marry. He is more fortunate than the writer of the next letter who simply cannot afford it:—

"No doubt the majority of people who know me wonder why I have not married.

"They see me walking about, apparently secure in my job, and because I keep up appearances they think I am doing all right.

"Every day I am keeping a face to the world, seemingly happy and contented, but I have to parry the inevitable questions which well-meaning people shoot at me in a chaffing but half-serious way.

"I have found it advisable not to wear my heart on my sleeve, and my replies are often far removed from my inner desires.

"It is no good saying I can't afford it because nine people out of ten think I am looking at the subject from a selfish bachelor standpoint.

"They simply don't believe the truth. To hide the ache in the heart one has to pretend to be cynical, although I am nothing of the kind.

"In the past, out of sheer loneliness and a desire for feminine companionship, I have allowed myself to become involved with girls for whom I developed real affection.

"They naturally began to build castles in the air, and when I saw what I was heading for I had to beat a retreat.

"There is no hope of improvement in my present position, but self-respect compels me to put up with the little I have until something better is available.

"I wonder how many eligible young men like myself cannot consider marriage because of economic circumstances?"

The answer is: Thousands. Human passion is strong; the desire for a wife and a home is natural; but our civilisation continually frustrates the instinct and embitters life.

This instinct for mating is being thwarted all the time both in men and women.

This particular young man has supplied me with the details of his income and his hours of work. He is a well-educated young man and the salary he is receiving is scandalous.

How can a man be expected to life a decent life when he is paid less than a living wage? In plain English, he is being exploited.

The man cannot afford to marry on his salary, but people won't believe him: he therefore pretends to be cynical about the subject.

He is not the only one.

If a man does not marry there is generally a solid reason.

It does not follow at all that he despises women. In some cases he may have had an unfortunate experience and fears a repetition.

In others he is prevented by a possessive mother who is afraid of losing his contribution to the family income.

But in a great many cases, as I know from reading letters about human problems, the man does not feel he can invite a girl to share his poverty.

She is often willing to risk the poverty, but the man will not allow her to make the sacrifice.

Don't Miss This!

Next week JOHN BULL will make an announcement of the utmost importance to every reader. It will publish full details of something really new—a magnificent Library of essential knowledge in a single volume.

Don't miss this wonderful new Presentation. Make sure you get next week's JOHN BULL by placing an order to-day. And tell your friends, too.

the non-griping LAXATIVE

LIXEN

the vegetable LAXATIVE

LIXEN

Non-griping?—Yes, and non-griping we mean. That's because Lixen is made from senna by a special Allen & Hanburys 'cold' process which removes the griping constituents of senna. It makes Lixen the most effective yet gentle aperient without exception, and that is why we call it the *good natured* laxative. Now, try a bottle or tin of Lixen and see if we're not right in calling it *good natured*. No tummy aches no trouble at all with Lixen, but it will be EFFECTIVE. Remember the name is

LIXEN

and we make it in two forms, just to suit your choice. LIXEN ELIXIR is for all who prefer a palatable liquid laxative. Bottles at 1/-, 1/9, 3/-.

LIXEN LOZENGES are for those who like a sweet-like laxative, tins of 12 - 7½d. 24 - 1/-. Both forms are equally suitable for men, women and children.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

L88

Would *You* like a cheque for £100?

Here's a unique opportunity!

DURING the month of August the manufacturers of Sanizal household disinfectant are awarding £200 cash in prizes for special slogans. Absolutely free entry forms giving full particulars are issued with every Sixpenny bottle of Sanizal which you can get at your local store.

The first prize of £100, a second of £25, a third of £10 and 130 consolation prizes of 10/- each must be won! Since April £1,000 in cash prizes have been awarded for simple slogans. The following have won a £100 each.

Slogan: "Sanizal, the Knell of Smell."

Slogan: "Sanizal Kills Germs in a Sprinkling."

Slogan: "Sanizal and Germs are Opposite Terms."

Can you beat them? Enter at once!

There is no entrance fee. Think of it—just a simple slogan may win you that £100 or any of the other prizes—a veritable nest egg, if you make up your mind to send in your attempts now, while you think of it. Remember, the competition closes on August 31st, and no entry can be accepted after. Further details are given on page 29.

CROSSWORD No. 165.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 28 is presented the 165th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Dr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 24, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 30. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

KISSED HIS WIFE— NEARLY ELECTROCUTED HER!

Every time he shook hands with his friends—they got a violent electric shock! When he kissed his wife good-night—she was nearly electrocuted! "Armchair Science" brings you the incredible story of the "human dynamo"—and what happened to him. You mustn't miss this fascinating issue, presenting in simple, non-technical language, the latest discoveries of scientists, explorers, and engineers from all over the world. The 100-page August issue contains over 29 articles and features, 74 photographs, drawings and diagrams. Don't miss Doctor Detectives; The Flame that Freezes; Bombs Light Streets, etc., etc. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE • 6D

1. I shall never forget it. Miss Baker was down in the Milk Bar when her boss stormed out of his office. "I've rung three times for Miss Baker," he roared. "Where is she?" Fortunately I knew, so I rushed down to tell her to hurry back.

2. We stood outside the office while the boss raged at the poor darling. "Time and time again," he shouted, "I find you've gone out of the office!" "But I get hungry in mid-morning," she whimpered. "I can't work if I'm hungry."

3. Later she said through her tears, "I haven't time to cook a proper breakfast." "Neither have I," I replied, "but I eat a proper breakfast all the same—Kellogg's, the 30-second breakfast—you serve them straight from the packet. And they'll keep you going till lunch. A bowlful with milk and sugar has as much energy value as 3 eggs."

4. One pay-day, about two months later, Miss Baker came rushing over to my desk waving her pay envelope and a memo from the boss which read, "Please accept this small rise. I have been most pleased with your work." Then she grabbed me by the arm. "It's you I've got to thank," she cried, "Remember that tip you gave me about Kellogg's?"

THE *30-Second Breakfast* HAS MORE ENERGY VALUE THAN 3 EGGS

AN analysis made at a leading dietetic centre shows that a plate of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs! (Average bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories, 3 average eggs 210 calories). That's why workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

Kellogg's are quick and easy to serve, too. There's no cooking so you save time and there's no messy saucepan to wash-up. And the flavour! Those big golden flakes are so deliciously crisp that nobody can resist them. Ask your usual grocer for Kellogg's—now only 5d. for a big family packet.

Start the day right with **KELLOGG'S**

Out-of-date law is helping the—

Short-Weight Cheats

A LAW that makes things easy for the cheat is almost worse than none at all, and that is a fair description of the present state of the law on the question of Weights and Measures.

Through lack of modern legislation on the subject, short-weight swindling is now rampant in dozens of different trades, and it is swindling that hits those least able to afford any loss of purchasing power—the working classes.

Take the case of a housewife who goes into a shop and sees on the counter a commodity priced at 5d. a half-pound.

She is just about to buy when she notices a highly decorated packet of the same commodity, a packet so large that she thinks it must contain considerably more than half a pound.

Although it costs 6d., she buys it, but when she opens it she finds it stuffed with packing material. The net weight of the contents is not half a pound—but only about six ounces.

That housewife has been swindled into paying at least a penny more than the stuff was worth. But she has no redress. The law does not state that it must be sold by net weight.

The same housewife may buy what she thinks to be a 1-lb. jar of foodstuffs. It is a penny cheaper than the same produced by other makers, and the jar is exactly the same size as that of the dearer product.

What the housewife does not know is that the bottom of the cheaper jar is four times thicker than the other, while the actual weight of the contents is only about 14 oz.

Wholesalers victimise the small shopkeepers. In their turn dishonest shopkeepers rob the public. This picture shows one of the dodges. The string attached to the scale is pulled down from behind the counter

And while she is being swindled the reputable maker is wondering what he can do about the unscrupulous competitor who can only undercut prices by trickery

Yet neither the public nor the manufacturer can look for any help from the law.

M.P.s of all Parties, manufacturers, local authorities and associations representing honest traders have been pressing for years to get drastic reform, but so far without any success.

That their demands are justified was made clear at the last conference of the Society of Weights and Measures Inspectors, held at the County Hall, London.

Representatives attended from all parts of the country. Speaker after speaker showed how the law is being evaded with impunity.

The chief Act relating to Weights and Measures was passed more than sixty years ago—in 1878—and, though there have been further slight additions to the law since then, it remains the basis of all present legislation.

According to that Act, it is not an offence to give short weight!

No Control

The only way in which an offender can be prosecuted is to prove that, in giving short weight, he committed fraud in the use of a weighing machine—if he used one!

Further, the Weights and Measures Acts are administered by local authorities, over whom the Government has little or no control.

There are boroughs regarded as local authorities which are too small to justify the appointment of a Weights and Measures inspector.

And so there is no control of any weighing equipment.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Local Government revealed that there are many such authorities.

BUT EVEN WHERE THERE IS AN ADEQUATE STAFF OF INSPECTORS THERE IS SO MUCH CHAOS THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP ANY CHECK ON FRAUD.

There are in use to-day six different series of weights, three different series of gauges, and four different series of measures of capacity—all of them sanctioned by law.

Small wonder that there is a demand for the whole system to be scrapped.

According to Weights and Measures law, a "stone" should represent 14 lb. Yet a "stone" of glass contains only 5 lb., a "stone" of meat 8 lb., and there are other "stones" which contain 12 and 24 lb. They can all be used because decisions in various court cases have held them to be legal.

What's a Yard?

In the same way, a yard, in the cloth trade, can measure 37 inches, 36½ inches, or only 35½ inches.

It is because these various trade usages have not been abolished that all kinds of opportunities for cheating have crept in.

Retailers are victimised by wholesalers time and time again, and dishonest retailers, in turn, make good their losses by swindling the public.

There are all manner of cunning tricks in use. One of the commonest is illustrated on this page.

A clear example of the looseness of the law is provided in the case of milk. When the Weights and Measures Act was passed in 1878 there were no machines that would fill milk bottles automatically. But when they were invented, the Board of Trade promptly approved them.

Yet no Weights and Measures inspector has authority to examine these machines—even though they may be giving short measure thousands of times a day.

Here are some comments from the exhaustive report prepared by the Society of Weights and Measures Inspectors to show the need for a full enquiry into the present system.

"Deceptive packings are common in sales of both tinned and packet goods. In some cases, the fraud is accentuated by the fact that the packages were originally marked with a statement of weight or measure.

"Although those packages remain the same size, the statement has disappeared—and so have some of the contents!

"Many other articles are commonly asked for in terms of weight or measure, and in many cases there is evidence that short weight or measure is practised on a fairly large scale.

"For instance, it is not uncommon to find washing soda prepacked, but unmarked, in quantities of 15 oz. and 1 lb. 14 oz., although the customer normally asks for one pound or two pounds.

"The sale of fabrics and other materials ought likewise to be under supervision. The instruments used in measuring them cannot even be inspected."

Those Gas Bills

Do you get all the gas that is recorded on your gas meter? Many people, looking at their gas bills or wondering why the money in the slot lasts such a short time, cannot help feeling that there is something wrong with the meter.

But there is only one way to prove this. The meter has to be disconnected and taken away for testing. This will not be done, however, unless the consumer agrees to pay a fee, plus the charges for disconnecting and reconnecting.

Yet gas meters cannot be inspected by the staffs of local authorities once they have been installed in your house.

Short-weight swindling is also rampant in the coal trade, where the huge increase in the sale of small quantities has attracted a large number of dishonest people.

According to the report submitted to the conference of Weights and Measures Inspectors:—

"These men make a regular practice of defrauding the public by delivering a less weight of coal than that represented. All kinds of methods are adopted by these men to attain their ends, and such are the illicit profits to be made that they are prepared to risk any fine or imprisonment.

"There are numerous cases on record where men have been convicted of deliberate fraud time and time again, and are still left free to carry on their nefarious practices."

This fraud will never be stamped out without some system of licensing, and reputable coal dealers have been demanding action for years.

46 lb. Out!

Finally, there is the question of personal weighing machines, which are in use by the thousand in all parts of the country.

In some areas the local by-laws make it an offence for these machines to be incorrect, but such by-laws are few and far between.

Endless complaints have been received about these machines, but as they are outside the scope of the Weights and Measures law nothing can be done about it.

Some of these machines, when tested, have been found to be incorrect to the extent of 46 lb.!

With continual rises in the cost of living and in indirect taxation, it is essential that the public should get full value for money.

Nor should honest traders and manufacturers be put out of business by unscrupulous, cut-price competition that is based on trickery and fraud.

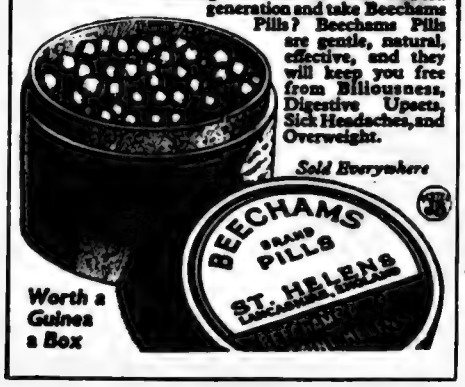
This scandal should be stopped NOW.

takes Beechams Pills

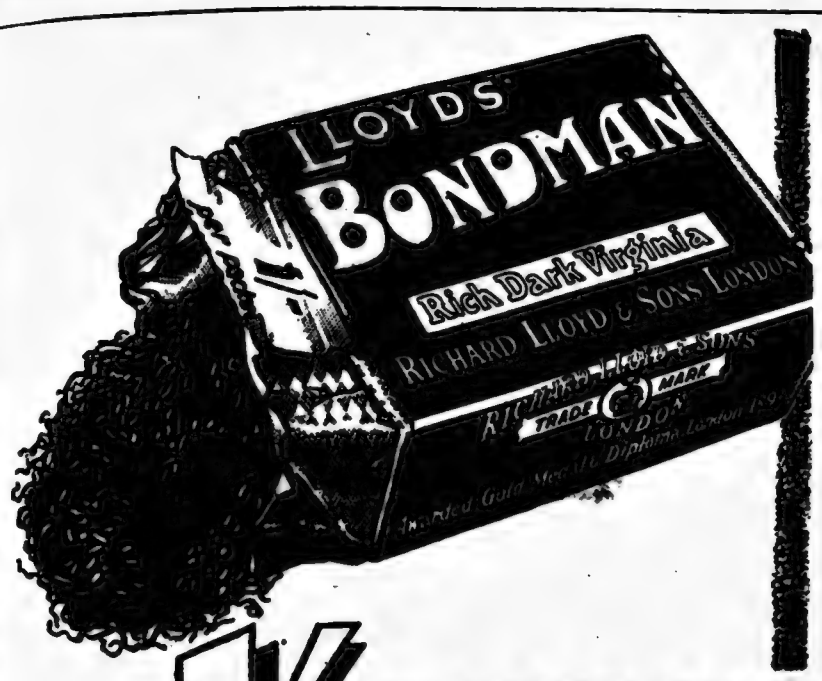
to keep her Youthful Figure

Why not join the millions of young-looking Mothers of our modern generation and take Beechams Pills? Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective, and they will keep you free from Biliousness, Digestive Upsets, Sick Headaches, and Overweight.

Sold Everywhere



Worth a Guinea a Box



1/- PACKETS

Guaranteed original standard blend . .

LLOYDS' BONDMAN

RICH DARK VIRGINIA

Also available in 1 oz. vacuum tins . . . . . at

1 1/4D PER OZ. TIN

Bondman Empire Blend in 1 oz. vacuum tins at

11½D PER OZ. TIN

Richard Lloyd & Sons, (Branch of Cope Bros & Co., Ltd.) Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

£200 FOR SLOGANS

Every month!

1ST OF £100 * 2ND OF £25

3RD OF £10 * 130 OF 10/-

NO ENTRY FEE!

ENTER NOW!

Since April the manufacturers of SanIzal household disinfectant have awarded £200 each month in prizes for SanIzal slogans. The competition closes on August 31st. Make the most of the short time remaining. During August a first prize of £100, a second of £25, a third of £10 and 130 consolation prizes **must be won.**

Absolutely Free Entry Form giving full particulars issued with every sixpenny bottle of SanIzal. Get yours today and enter at once. It's too good a chance to miss!

NO ENTRY CAN BE ACCEPTED AFTER AUG. 31st.

These have won £100 each

CAN YOU BEAT THEM?

APRIL £100 PRIZEWINNER
Mrs. T. Walker, 64, Windsor Rd, Cosham, Hants.
Slogan: "SanIzal the knell of smell."

MAY £100 PRIZEWINNER
Mrs. E. Gaisford, 64a, Cedar Rd., London, N.W.2.
Slogan: "SanIzal kills germs in a sprinkling."

JUNE £100 PRIZEWINNER
Mr. Victor Tee, 41, Parham Rd., Gosport.
Slogan: "SanIzal and germs are opposite terms."

NO ENTRY FEE!

Hurry!

Just a simple slogan about

SANIZAL

HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

Get it at Your Local Store

SAN IZAL 6D

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

COUPON

SEND NO MONEY

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made for FREE TRIAL OF NEW HAIR-GROWTH DISCOVERY TO BE POSTED ON RECEIPT OF THIS ENTITLING FORM.

To FREDERICK GODFREY, Dept. J.B., Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

Please send me the first lesson of your "Good Hair for Life" Course, a free trial supply of your Radio-Active Hair Tonic, also full particulars of new Easy Payment Terms.

NATURE OF HAIR TROUBLE — Baldness (Extensive), Bald Patches, Greyness, Hair Falling Out, Scurf, Dandruff, Irritable Scalp. *(Underline Your Hair Trouble.)*

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....
(Please Print Clearly in Block capitals.)

..... J.B., 1/7/39.

Please enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) towards postage and packing. If a 6d. Sachet of the famous Godfrey Fuller Shampoo is also required (at half price), please enclose extra 3d. stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square ☐

(Letters containing stamps must be sealed with 1½d. stamp affixed.)

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 3/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium-tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip.
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
VALUE 3d

Happy Landing

"As soon as he was installed on his stretcher in my 'plane, he asked for a word with me"

WHENEVER I read in the papers about sick people being rushed dramatically by air to an operating-table, I remember my own experience of that sort of thing . . . and feel my scalp prickling all over again.

I was an air-taxi pilot working for a firm with a few 'planes always available to go anywhere with anybody.

One morning the manager gave me instructions for a flight from our home aerodrome to a landing-ground 150 miles away.

I was to carry a very sick man and his attendants on their way to an urgent operation—and I was to be very careful of the passenger because he was a famous man in the public eye.

As soon as he was installed on his stretcher in my 'plane, he asked for a word with me.

He looked extremely ill, and he was certainly in a highly nervous condition. He looked me over doubtfully, as if he wasn't sure about trusting his life to me.

"Young man," he said, "I've never flown before, and I wouldn't try it now if this fool doctor didn't insist." (The "fool doctor" was seated alongside!) "I want to warn you. If you don't fly carefully, I'll make it hot for you."

I assured him that the journey would be smooth and comfortable, and he wouldn't even realise he was flying.

He grunted. "Well, if I arrive without being shaken up, you shall have a handsome present. Otherwise—look out for trouble."

I left him, went up to my cabin, shut the partition, and opened up the engine. As I did so, the control flashed my light and it was O.K. for the take-off.

We taxied into the wind, the engine roared louder, and we sped, tail up, over the cropped grass.

As we did so, I felt a distinct bump. Later I remembered that jar quite distinctly, but for the moment I gave it no thought. . . .

Not until I had gained our operating height and was just holding the machine on her course did I get a feeling that something was amiss.

I KNEW the machine like an old friend and it had never been "temperamental," but now there was a slight difference—a drag of some kind.

From that moment I began to worry. I was anxious to fathom the reason for my machine's strange behaviour.

On a 'plane, the slightest irregularity may spell serious trouble.

My eye roamed over the silver length of wing, swaying above a patchboard panorama.

I could see nothing wrong.

I checked over the trim.

It was as usual—I had set it myself. Yet there was a slight nose heaviness.

The air was fairly free from bumps, so the patient and his doctor were having a quiet time.

I glanced back through the partition and saw the medical man staring moodily out of the window. The invalid seemed to be asleep.

Then, out of the corner of an eye, I saw something flapping about. I peered downwards—and gasped!

Hanging grotesquely below the wing, like a broken limb, were a shattered strut and a buckled wheel.

It was completely smashed, more than useless for making a landing, for I could see that it would catch the ground and throw the 'plane over.

And there lay my patient who must not be shaken!

I glanced round again at the medical man, almost guiltily. And I cursed fate for selecting this particular trip to play evil pranks.

My first thought was to return to the home aerodrome, but I reflected I should have to land somewhere and—well, anyway, the nearer we were to hospital the better, probably. . . .

So I decided to fly onward, and eventually sighted our destination to port.

Throttling down, I put the nose below the horizon.

CIRCLING to the left, following round on the tail of an air liner that had just taken off, I flew low round the aerodrome, until the liner disappeared above us.

Below me were human specks on the tarmac. As I came lower, little white faces were looking up, and hands were waving frantically.

It was plain that my mishap had been observed.

A square van drew up beside the group, making me wonder grimly whether it was the ambulance come to pick up my patient or one waiting for the lot of us.

Another ambulance drew out from the airport building. They expected the worst!

Well, here goes, I thought. . . .

With nose down, we crossed the boundary of the aerodrome, the wind whistling through the wings. The green grass was coming up to meet us, and I got a glimpse of the flapping undercarriage.

As the control building loomed up, I tail-wagged violently, left rudder, right rudder, left, right. . . .

I had cut the speed down, and we seemed almost poised until I glanced at the streaking grass below us.

We were now at talling-point. The ground was devilish close. I pulled the control column into my stomach and waited.

A bump . . . the wing tip tilted alarmingly and we skidded round. Then a crunch as the rest of the fuselage folded up underneath us—but we jarred to rest on the fuselage with just a slight list to starboard.

The propeller had broken and a snapped blade stuck up fantastically above the cowling.

BUT we were saved!

I hurried into the cabin.

An ambulance had drawn up and men were already shifting the patient on his stretcher.

He was glaring at me furiously.

"So you wouldn't shake me up, eh?" he demanded with heavy sarcasm, and then cursed me thoroughly for what was, in his opinion, the clumsiest landing ever made in the history of aviation.

Aerodrome people were clustering around me to congratulate me on saving three lives.

They were bewildered when they heard the passenger call to me as he disappeared into the ambulance: "After that landing, young man, you'll get no present from me. Think yourself lucky if I don't complain to your employers!"

And that was all the thanks I got. I hope my passenger recovered and that he reads this.

I'd like him to know he had the happiest landing he's likely to get in this life.

I Lost My Tip

—says Malcolm Ellison, of 33, Shere Road, Ilford, who describes this thrilling air adventure in which he saved a sick man's life.

Why not send an account of YOUR most exciting adventure? Write not more than 1,200 words on one side of the paper only, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If the details are true and we publish it you will get £5 : 5 : 0 for your

READER'S STORY

YOU WOULDN'T SEND A LETTER BY STAGE-COACH TO-DAY

Time marches on. Every process is speeded up. Even in the details of our daily life we expect—and obtain—mechanical perfection. So it is with pens. You wouldn't mail a letter by coach to-day nor—if you are sensible—would you write it with an old-fashioned, unreliable, or outworn pen. Keep abreast of the times in this as in every other respect.

MORAL. Write every note, even the briefest, with an easy-flowing reliable pen a pen moreover that suits your own particular handwriting. In short, a Stephens' *lifetime* pen with a nib chosen for your own type and pressure of handwriting. Stephens' pens are precise and perfect writing instruments with the simplest filling device in the world. They fill at a touch, release ink in an effortless, easy flow and cover the paper with indescribable smoothness. Use Stephens' Blue-Black Ink in your pen for a clear lasting impression and a quick easy flow. Stephens' pens cost from one guinea to 5/6 each.

HENRY C. STEPHENS LTD., 57, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.1

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

A strong dose of medicine can torture a child, like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels. How different the easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs,' a liquid fruit laxative which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. After the half-digested food and poisonous waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy and full of "go."

Many mothers give 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. Kiddies love it and it keeps them regular, happy and well. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

DO YOUR LEGS FEEL LIKE LEAD?

There must be *thousands* of hard-working women—and men, too!—whose lives are made a drudgery by weary, pain-ridden limbs. Maybe *you* are one of them! Maybe your legs feel like lead from morn till night and make the stairs, in particular, a penance! If so, read this interesting case of Mrs. Houghton, of Birmingham.

"I feel it my duty," she wrote, "to tell you of the benefits I have derived from Fynnon Salt. After four doses of the Salt all the pains have disappeared from my legs and I feel a new woman!" Another report, a month later, reads: "I still continue my daily dose of Fynnon first thing every morning. It continues to make me feel a new woman all day. I have recommended it to lots of people."

Whatever your age, add a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt to your morning tumblerful of water and enjoy the suppleness and well-being that its natural minerals give. The powerful Spa elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium rinse away toxins and poisons, rouse liver and kidneys and get your whole 'inside' in grand, healthy condition. Large tins of Fynnon cost only 1/3 at your Chemist's.

"Why I use New VEET to remove hair"

★ *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

★ *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.

★ *New 'Veet'* is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.

★ *New 'Veet' weakens growth* — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser.

By exclusive arrangement any reader can obtain a special package (in plain wrapper) of New VEET *absolutely free*. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 32L), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

Keep your hair lustrous and healthy this quick, easy way

If unchecked, Dry Scalp leads to dandruff, falling hair and even baldness. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning rub on a few drops with your finger-tips until your scalp tingles. After this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic massage your hair is absolutely protected, and will comb perfectly into place.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B.30, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

Tranquil in a world of green shadows and cool water . . . sleepily still beneath the willows. Though so still, yet you perspire. We all do. Medical authorities tell us it's as much as 1½ pints a day.

There's nothing wrong in perspiration, but Body-Odour is unpleasant and unnecessary. When we perspire, waste matter is expelled from the system. Unless thoroughly removed, it lingers in the pores and becomes stale, causing Body-Odour.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap prevents 'B.O.' There's a special health element in its full rich lather. This lather penetrates deep into the skin pores, dealing with all stale perspiration and waste deposits. After that you know you're safe!

There's nothing quite so refreshing and invigorating as a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Use it regularly for the protection it gives.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

prevents **"B.O."** *(body-odour)*

LBT 430-204-GS

About 1½ pints of perspiration
are expelled from the system of the average person daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.
LIFEBUOY

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

HILLMAN CARS OFFERED FREE

ENTER NOW and WIN A BIG PRIZE IN THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION

First Prize EACH WEEK

A 1939 HILLMAN MINX

4-Door Touring Saloon (in Standard colour) and with each car the winner gets

1. 100 GALLONS OF PETROL
2. ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR
3. COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR

5 consolation prizes of £5
25 consolation prizes of £1

SOME grand prizes are offered to all those who try Outspan Oranges—the pick of the South African Orange crop. Eat them as an after-meal dessert, or as a between-meal refresher. Outspan Oranges give plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and full of juice they are.

Then write a good sentence commencing, "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . ." and add 25 words or less. Write this on an entry form on one side of a piece of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry. Attach six wrappers of Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges to each entry. Post to Outspan Oranges, J.B.H.2, Minx Dept., 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. There are a number of weekly Competitions. So HURRY! Send in your entries at once. Do it Now! while you think of it!

● Continuing his Confessions a Marriage Registrar describes some Queer Mix-Ups.

REGISTRAR sees the FUNNY SIDE!

As he had ripped the seat almost out of his trousers I had to let him sit down during the ceremony

BRIDES and 'grooms, when they get to the Registrar's, all seem to be afflicted with the idea of "When in doubt just nod."

The result can be a pretty mix-up. . . .

It was September, 1936 and I had to marry a couple at 2 o'clock and another couple at 2.30.

When Bride No. 1 hadn't turned up by 25 minutes past, you can realise that I was a bit worried—and annoyed.

Even when she *did* get there some minutes later she stopped to talk with a number of her friends.

Naturally, I wanted to hurry things on. So I came out with the phrase I've used thousands of times:

"Will the bride and 'groom please step forward to my desk?"

They did. The guests crowded around. And I got on with the preliminaries.

I was quite prepared to make them man and wife when the bride who, I'd noticed, had been looking at the 'groom rather strangely, managed to blurt out that this wasn't *her* sweetheart at all!

She was Bride No. 2—the one whose marriage was timed for 2.30. She'd arrived a little in advance of her intended husband.

I'm not sure whether the moral of this ought to be that brides should never be late. Or that they should never be early.

All I do know is that more than half my trouble is caused by women who fail to turn up in time.

However, I once had a much narrower escape even than that.

It's nearly nine years since it happened. But the memory of it still makes my ears tingle, still gives me a cold, shuddery feeling down the spine.

It was a Registrar's nightmare, if there ever was one.

The bridegroom's name was Rudolph, and it suited him. *He* was long, and lean and lanky.

His bride seemed just the very sort of girl for him. I remember thinking as I saw them standing there side by side, that they really were a perfectly matched couple.

On that occasion, through a chain of very unusual circumstances, I managed to get through as far as:

"Wilt thou . . ."

But at that point Rudolph interrupted rather violently:

"No, I'm hanged if I will!" he exploded. "This is one of the bridesmaids!"

I'm afraid that I couldn't join in the burst of merriment which followed. I just gasped, closed my eyes, and shuddered.

I did have a really good chortle at one time though.

Grace D., a disappointed bride, was the victim.

She struck me as a working-class girl with a very domineering manner. And I think that when she made up her mind on anything her friends would have a very tough time trying to convince her she was wrong.

SHE irritated me. It didn't help when I saw she had her hair done up at the back in a silly sort of bun that didn't suit her in the least.

It was Grace herself who had made all the preliminary arrangements.

From the things she said when the clock ticked past the appointed time without a sign of her 'groom, I gathered she had had more than a little difficulty in getting him into just the right frame of mind.

This was the second time he had failed to come up to scratch!

When he was more than an hour overdue she was forced to realise that she wasn't to become a wife that day, at any rate. She was more than annoyed. And a little bit tearful, too:

"It wasn't his shirt, or collar, this time!" she sobbed. "I washed and ironed 'em, meself, last night!"

Of course I laughed. I just couldn't help it.

Grace looked as though she'd enjoy slaughtering me. She had been really in earnest.

Perhaps she found that on this occasion her sweetheart had pawned his suit—for I've known unwilling bridegrooms stoop to this dodge; yes, and be made to borrow the best man's clothes for the ceremony!

Mention of clothes reminds me of a bridegroom who had to sit down during the whole of the ceremony. I think I told you that there's a flight of steps outside my office.

On this particular day, the husband-to-be slipped when he got to the top and ripped the seat almost out of his trousers.

So I had to let him sit down to hide his embarrassment!

Before he could leave with his bride I had to usher everyone into the outer office while he changed trousers with the best man.

And then the best man had to sit on the chair for half an hour until someone sent him around a spare pair!

APART from the 'groom with the torn pants—he's a well-known stockbroker, by the way—I've married only one other couple while sitting down.

That was in the case of a man who had a very bad heart.

The general excitement of his wedding day, plus the steps outside, brought on an attack. He looked to me as if he were more in need of a doctor or an undertaker than a wife and a Registrar.

The only thing I could do was to let them both sit down while I married them, and then leave them there for the better part of the next hour until the groom felt sufficiently recovered to go off on his honeymoon!

Sickness and ill-health causes some very poignant situations at times.

Many years ago, before I became Superintendent Registrar, I had to witness the marriage of a man who was actually dying at the time.

He had been seriously injured on his way to the church. There was no hope for him. The doctors took a brief look at him and gave him a matter of hours.

They told the bride. But they didn't tell him.

Yet I think he must have known.

The brave-hearted girl insisted on going ahead with the wedding. She thought it would comfort him during the last dreadful hours.

It's one marriage I shall never forget.

I never thought he'd even get through the Declaration. But somehow he managed it.

(Continued on page 34)

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Made Disfiguring

RASH

Disappear All At Once!

Dear Sirs, *Cheltenham.*

For the last few months I have suffered with a terrible rash. After trying various things, nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried *Germolene*. I am pleased to say the rash disappeared all at once, and I am quite cured. **Mrs. F. C.**

Mrs. S.L.

Dear Sirs, *Halifax.*

I am a big believer in *Germolene* and recommend it to lots of my friends, having used it for all kinds of wounds among members of my family. My daughter for instance, had a septic finger, after three days use of *Germolene* it is quite well again.—**Mrs. S. L.**

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH

If YOU are a victim of a nasty ULCER—a dangerous POISONED WOUND—or an irritating and disfiguring RASH get a tin of *Germolene* instantly. This wonder-ointment soothes at the first touch—commences healing immediately—wipes away spots, pimples and inflammation in record time! Millions, the world over, have proved how wonderful it is for:—

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, ACNE, PIMPLES, BURNS, CUTS, ULCERS, RASH, SORES,

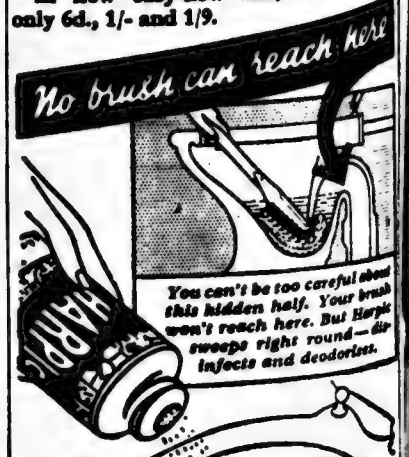
6D 1/2, 2/- & 12/- Per Tin

SOLD EVERYWHERE

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

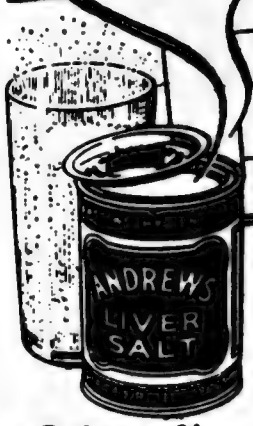
HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

6 reasons why ANDREWS is the Ideal Laxative

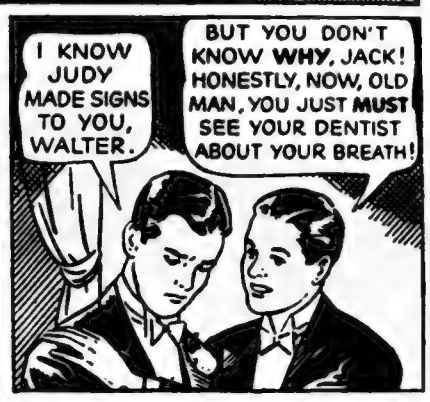
Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!

A refreshing and cooling drink.
Children love it. Suits entire family.
Sweetens the breath, settles the stomach. clears the bowels.
Has an invigorating Tonic effect.

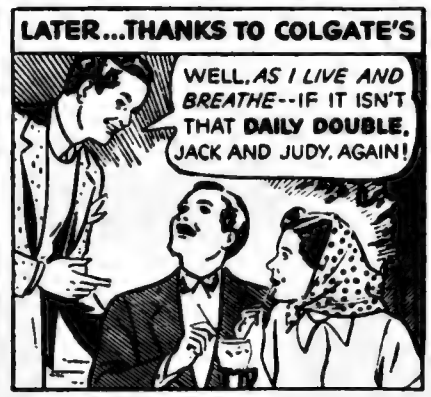


Read these reasons carefully. There are others of course, including Andrews special tonic action on the liver—freeing you from Liver Attacks, Headaches and Biliousness. But of all the reasons why Andrews is the ideal laxative, "Inner Cleanliness" comes first. Andrews sweetens the mouth and stomach. Tones up the liver, gently clears the bowels. This deepdown Inner Cleanliness leaves you refreshed, invigorated, brighter and happier. Get your own tin of Andrews Liver Salt to-day.

26a 4 ozs. — 9d. 8 ozs. — 1/4


I KNOW JUDY MADE SIGNS TO YOU, WALTER.
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! HONESTLY, NOW, OLD MAN, YOU JUST MUST SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull teeth and much tooth decay. Also, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle!"

A CORNER of her kitchen ceiling immediately above the stove was beginning to get grubby and she decided that there was no time like the present for remedying matters.

Getting steps and cleansing materials, she was soon at work, when suddenly she overbalanced and, in falling, upset a saucepan of boiling water on the stove. She was badly scalded and was hurried to hospital, but despite every attention she died from her injuries.

This in brief is the tragic fate which recently befell Mrs. F. H. Wood, of 81, Whitecross Street, Derby.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE

As Mrs. Wood was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

In addition to providing numerous other benefits "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefit.

£630 5s. 4d. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £630 5s. 4d. to registered readers or their dependants.

If you have not yet registered for this great Free Family Security Gift, do so AT ONCE on the Forms below. DO IT NOW!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 5/8/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/8/39.

FOR BARGAINS——
Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window" Page
——*See page 3!*

PILES Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again," Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

Continuing from page 32

REGISTRAR SEES THE FUNNY SIDE

And when he rallied a little, a moment later, he even made a superhuman effort to try to cheer his wife up by making light of it all:

"Sorry . . to spoil your wedding-day, Nell!" he said in a very husky, gurgling sort of voice. "Just . . . like me, though . . isn't it? . ."

The next minute he was dead!

Registrars are supposed to look on their jobs merely as jobs, I know. In the same way, perhaps, as you look on yours.

But, it isn't so. There's more to it than that.

You just can't keep bumping up against cross-sections of human lives and fail to be affected in some way.

When I run against experiences like those I've just described, it makes me wonder just why it is that many people seem to think marriage a necessary preliminary towards qualifying for the title of World's Champion Idiot.

THEY must do so. Else, how can you explain the fact that a couple could have a thumping good row in the registry—the moment the ceremony is over—and could go back to their reception, away on their honeymoon, and spend the next seven years together without either of them ever speaking another word to the other?

Incredible, isn't it?

And that instance is no more amazing than the woman who, a week after she had promised to "Love, honour and obey," drew a chalk line down the middle of the passage dividing the house and forbade her miserable husband ever to step over it.

He didn't step over it. He stayed on his own side of the line for 10 years. Then he got a divorce.

That woman is in the same category as the man I married about eight years ago.

A MONTH afterwards he got annoyed with his wife and never spoke to her again.

Whenever he wanted to say anything to her he simply took a piece of soap and scrawled the message on the bedroom mirror!

I suppose the mentality of these people is about on a level with that of the girl who went through the whole of the ceremony, gave all the proper answers, signed on the dotted line, and then took 48 hours to realise that she had been wedded to a man!

Or with that of those little ladies who pin their faith to love potions, such as dried, ground bats' entrails, or porcupine quills and lizards' heads, and who insist on telling me all about their own particular husband-bringer with the definite assurance that they could not have brought the soul-mate to their side without it.

Strangely enough, many of them bring their talismans with them when they come to be married. Perhaps the would-be husband might have a chance of getting away, otherwise.

I know one sweet, young thing who wishes she'd left her particular charm at home though.

We'd barely started the ceremony when a dead mouse dropped on the floor from under her beautiful white wedding-gown!

And now let us leave the couples who have managed to get to the registrar's and see what happens before the dread ordeal.

The Average Man seems to have little or no idea of just how to go about the job of getting married.

And his commonest mistakes are to confuse a licence and a special licence, and to think a registrar can provide the latter.

IN England you can get married in one of three different ways—by Certificate, by Licence, or by Special Licence.

You cannot be married in any other way, church ceremonies and formulæ notwithstanding!

There is a different set of rules and regulations for Marriage by Certificate, by Licence, and by Special Licence. The way you are married depends on just how soon you want to be married.

The usual method is Marriage by Certificate.

In such a case, one, at least, of the contracting parties must have lived in the registrar's district for a minimum of seven days before he gives notice of intention to marry.

The party may give such notice on the eighth day. But the actual ceremony cannot take place until at least three clear weeks have elapsed since the giving of the notice.

Incidentally, it will cost you 7s. for the certificate.

But perhaps you don't want to wait three whole weeks. For reasons of your own, you might want to be married much more quickly.

We've got a fairly high-speed service for you, in that case. That is the Marriage by Licence.

PROVIDING you can stump up £2 14s. 7d. for the licence, you need give only one clear day's notice.

There are certain qualifications necessary before you can be married by Licence.

In the first case—if you're the one who's giving the notice—you must have lived in the registrar's district for a minimum of 15 days. While your fiancé, or fiancée, must be in either England or Wales at the time you give notice.

If he, or she, happens to be in Scotland, it's just too bad!

Now if you happen to be one of those people who want to get married immediately without any "ifs" or "ands" or "buts"—or notice, the registrar can do nothing for you.

You have to be married by Special Licence.

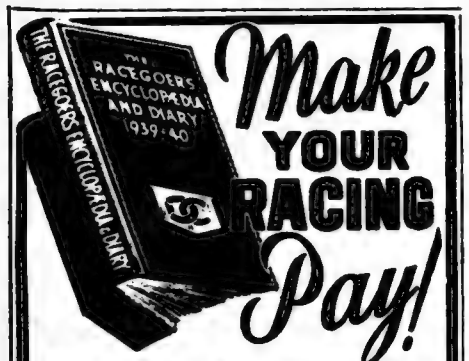
That means that you can be married immediately without the giving of any notice, or the publication of any banns. But you have to go to the Archbishop for it.

No Registrar has the right to issue Special Licences.

Even the Archbishop can issue them only to members of the Church of England, and a good case has to be made out for the hurry.

YOU'LL FIND THAT A SPECIAL LICENCE IS APT TO PROVE A VERY COSTLY AFFAIR. THE FIRST CHARGE FOR IT IS £31 18s. AND THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

On top of that comes a special scale of fees which must be paid to the clergyman you select, and for the church you choose.



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Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____ No. 828

Address _____ Suggested Weekly Credit £

Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE Ltd Tudor House, Circus, London E.C.4

Not from the B.B.C.

"The boy is getting coy"

Cost of Living

Love's made up of bitter sweets—
Sweets for which the man must pay;
Ice cream, fruit and other treats
Looked for on a holiday.

Love is this and love is that,
Poets chortle, free from cares;
But for me, I tell you flat,
Love is pics. and chocs. and fares!

FROM Brighton comes news of a movement to combat "the curious convention whereby a gentleman who goes to a place of entertainment or refreshment with a lady is expected to pay the bill."

This, it is argued, turns the lads of the village into spendthrifts and the lasses into gold-diggers, and is unfair in an age in which girls are mostly as well off as boys.

Maybe; but it will be interesting to see if members of the new organisation, who are to have badges, will get many dates when they give themselves and their badges an airing on the Front.

Hitherto the dispatch of a glad eye by a male and receipt of same by a member of the opposite sex has been held to constitute an agreement whereby the aforesaid male assumed unlimited financial responsibilities, on the assumption that he would be allowed to pursue a reasonable policy of encirclement.

But if members of the Boy Friends' Mutual Protection Association are to be let loose on the prom., no girl will know where she stands. In fact, she may even have to stand a couple of ices as her contribution to the male appeasement movement.

So those of my dear girl readers who do not wish to see their Bank Holiday turned into a bankruptcy holiday should keep in mind the precept: "Look before you click."

Failing a thorough understanding with anyone applying for the position of temporary boy friend, a poor trusting blonde who goes for a ride in a sidecar may find herself presented with a bill for petrol and her share of the doings at Ye Olde Groyne Tea Shoppe.

Take my tip, girls, and place things on a business basis; then you'll be able to offset his claim for depreciation of motor-bike with your own for wear-and-tear of perm. and loss of lipstick

In any case, the boys of the new brigade are out to put an end to tactics on which wage-earning sweetie-pies have for long relied:

When Jill and Jack
Go there and back,
Jack hears the wild waves saying:
"This trip, you know,
Will cost some dough,
And you will do the paying!"

But now the boy
Is getting coy.
So Jill should take a tumble—
Try if she can
Some newer plan
Than in her bag to fumble!

Y. Z.

Race with "Silver Ring"

This Shouldn't Be!

SO there is to be further tinkering with the conditions governing the Grand National Steeplechase.

In post-war years there have been frequent changes in the range of weights for the handicap, and, following Gregalach's triumph over 65 rivals in 1929, a merit qualification clause was entered in the conditions and five-year-olds were barred from competing.

Now the authorities are going to stipulate that riders, as well as horses, must have certain credentials.

No one is to be allowed to have a mount in the next Grand National unless he has ridden five steeplechase winners, under recognised rules, in any country.

Why fiddle about with restrictive conditions?

Some of the brighter pages of Grand National history would never have been written if the present conditions had been in force

A deal of glamour went from the race when the authorities stipulated that horses must have accomplished certain performances in public before they could be considered eligible to run for the great steeplechase.

That idea, in my opinion, is hopelessly wrong.

There are hundreds of hunting men, and scores of grooms, attached to private stables, who could take a horse over the Liverpool course as safely and stylishly as any of our crack jockeys.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, August 3, to Wednesday, August 9.

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A
K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 98NB8RX98 would read WICKLOW. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: 96RT98RMK2 would read FLAWLESS

Summer Heart Weakness

Helpful advice—THIS FINEST POSSIBLE TONIC WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Does your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this! Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces in warm weather. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Trial Size: 1/- (25). Economy Sizes: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). *The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.*

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send "John Bull" readers TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this coupon, asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS."

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.119), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC.

Below are further examples of "Shadforth" Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE, SCIATICA, NEURITIS.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadforo" Compound, the new pain-killer (No. 263). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

In exceptional painful cases use a Neuritis Cachet (No. 622A). Prices 3/- (6) and 5/9 (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B. 236). On request post free.

SLIMMING

THE SHADFORTH DOUBLE DUPLEX TREATMENT (No. 575/DD).

COMPRISES:

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per box.)
(2) Marienbad Salts, to be taken in the morning and before meals. (Price 1/6 and 3/- per package.)
(3) A Special Fat Reducing Massage Cream. (Price 2/6 and 4/6 per jar.)
(4) A Special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin. (Price 1/3 per tablet.)

This simultaneous fourfold attack is remarkably successful. The complete fourfold treatment, with directions, costs 7/6 (2 weeks' treatment), and 14/6 (4 weeks' treatment). Each item is supplied separately if desired.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Obesity" (No. J.B. 255). Free on request.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in Eczema Ointment (No. 1369). It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices, 3d., 6d., and 1/3.

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema (No. 782B). Price 2/6.

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B. 272). Post Free on request.

HIS OLD TROUBLE NOW GONE!

He doesn't have to worry now about going away from home. And night disturbances are a thing of the past. For months he suffered hidden agonies, hoping the trouble would get better of its own accord. It rarely does.

CYSTITIS, PROSTATITIS, GRAVEL, GALL STONES, SCALDING or any LIVER, KIDNEY or BLADDER TROUBLES are immediately helped by "Shadforters"—(Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters—Prescription 285). From the first dose you feel that they are doing you good. Comfort steals over the parts. Inflammation subsides. Nights are more restful and you are better. It is all due to the wonderful healing substances prescribed by specialists and compounded under the direction of Mr. William Shadforth, the well-known pharmaceutical chemist. Trial size 1/6 (25). Large sizes 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100).

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If, after trying one, you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/6 to-day with this coupon, asking for "SHADFORTERS," to MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.119), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Without INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thanks to 'WHITE LIONS'

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.

Prices: Trial size 6d. (24); ordinary sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS" to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.119), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4

ALOPECIA

(HAIR FALLING OUT IN PATCHES).

Here is a cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for Alopecia Prescription No. 858. In jars at 1/9 and 4/-. The best soap in use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 939), costs 1/- per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of Vi-Salts (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal. Price 6d. and 1/3. Prescription No. 1256. It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult Health News (No. J.B. 306) for the treatment of Hair Troubles. Post free.

BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

Smooths Out the Problems of Middle Life.

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2457—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144) and 13/- (432 pills).

The Shadforth Booklet for Women. (No. J.B. 345). Post free.

MOSQUITOES!!

Be On Your Guard

One Sting can cause Hours of Pain

and has been known to cause serious illness, and in some exceptional cases has proved fatal.

SHADFORTH'S ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM (Prescription 169)

quickly sends gnats and mosquitoes from you. You simply smear a little on the exposed portions of the body when going to bed or when in the still air of the summer evenings—the times when these insects are most active and vicious. Supplied in containers at 1/3 and 3/-. A useful supplement to the above, for those who find mosquitoes troublesome, is to wash hands, face and neck several times daily with an antiseptic soap. For this purpose

ANTI-MOSQUITO SOAP (No. 1165)

will be satisfactory. The price is 1/- per tablet.

CORNS

Wash the feet well with hot water every night, using Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 943—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (No. 891—costs 6d.)

The Shadforth booklet on "Corns" (J.B.297). Post Free.

HAY FEVER

COLD IN THE NOSE, CATARRHAL INFECTIONS AND CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette), and 2/6 (including pipette and atomizer). Prescription No. 1445XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 348) on this subject is supplied post free.

BRIGHT EYES

Lovely Complexions

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as Shadforth Prescription No. 462 (Skin Tonic Tablets). They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144).

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for "SKIN TONIC TABLETS" to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 119), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

NEVERILL

OLD SALTS

(PRESCRIPTION 565K.)

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning, Tasteless with your tea. For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre. Prices: Trial Size 2d., other sizes 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of this paper TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened, and your money will be refunded in full. Send 2d. to-day with this coupon, asking for "Neverill Old Salts" to

Mr. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., *Mail Order Dept.*, SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LIMITED (Dept. J.B.119), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

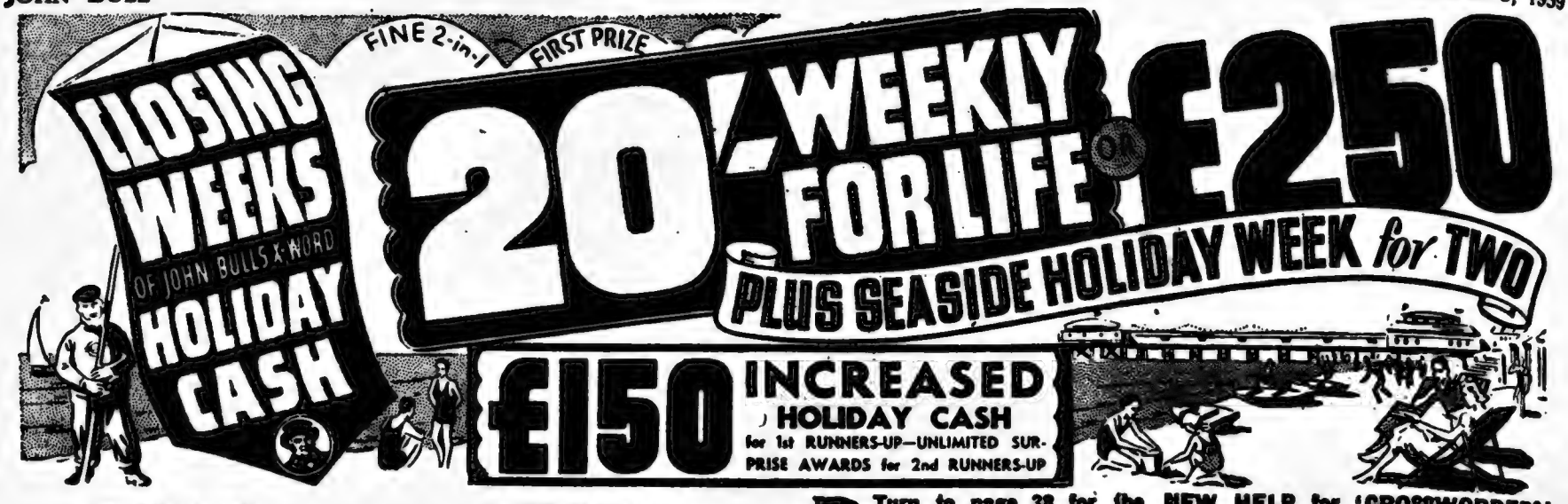
All Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

(Dept. J.B. 119), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

and Branches


FINE 2-in-1
FIRST PRIZE
CLOSING WEEKS OF JOHN BULL'S X-WORD HOLIDAY CASH
£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£250
PLUS SEASIDE HOLIDAY WEEK for TWO
£150 INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH
for 1st RUNNERS-UP—UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

☞ Turn to page 38 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

ACROSS CLUES

1. Sound of these is bad for hospital patients within earshot
3. Driving in one might call for considerable skill
4. Assist
8. People occasionally protest at way one is rated
9. It isn't easy to do this and get plums from the top of the tree
12. Housewives can sometimes pick up good bargains in these
14. Conducted
17. Many people have never used this
18. Good cook may be able to make one
19. Cross-country runner's is sometimes remarkable
20. One may find it difficult to carry a very big one

DOWN CLUES

1. Colour is important when one's choosing one of good quality
2. Poem in code
3. Striking one may affect character
5. People sometimes get quite fond of one
6. Ground where there's plenty of water is sometimes chosen for this
7. Not the sort of shopkeeper who gets most patronage
10. Beware of rubbing this the wrong way
11. When dictators set out to do this they don't bother to be tactful
13. Spectators are not likely to see foul blow in good one
15. Laid by a hen
16. There's nothing very smart about one that's badly worn
17. In which young people often have thrilling games

4 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 162

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 162, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see below) were the following four competitors:

F. C. ATKINS, Red Comb Hay Farm, Hermitage, Newbury, Berks.
H. BRADBURY, 3, Barnsley Drive, Teignmouth.
J. OATES, 136, Whitham Road, Sheffield, 10.
B. QUAYLE, 131, Angel Lane, Stratford, E.15.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £400, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 38 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 12s 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 353 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

CROSSWORD No. 162. WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square on right.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SLAP and SLOP were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon below.

S	A	G	E		C	A	V	E	S					
T	R		M	O	S	S		B	E	E				
A	C	R	A				C	A	B	L	E			
G		O		T	R	I	G		A	D				
E	L	F	T	S		U	P		E	A	T	S		
	C	O		T	U	C	K		R	E	T			
	M	R		O		K	I	N	K		T			
E	M	U	R	S		N		S	B	I				
T		B	E	L	L		N		A	P				
A	P	E			P	U	T	T						
L	A	X		P	U	N	T	E	R					

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SAGE. 2. CAVE. 4. MOSS. 5. BEE. 7. TRIG. 11. TUCK. 14. KINK. 19. BELL. 20. APE. 21. PUTT. 22. PUNT.

DOWN.—1. STAGE. 3. EBB. 6. ROT. 8. RUCK. 9. FORM. 10. STORE. 12. KIN. 13. METAL. 15. TIP. 16. IBEX. 17. SLAP or SLOP. 18. BATH.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, August 11, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, August 12.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

WIN £750 FREE!

Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Giant Holiday Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 29, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £260 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 27.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

TRY THESE **NEW Double-size SQUARES** | **"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 165. Closing Postmark—FRIDAY, AUG. 11.**

IF ENTERING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. Value .....

Address ..... No. .....

..... J.B. Crossword No. 165.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 165, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND HERE

FREE "Crossword Gazette" COUPON

Affix 1½d. Stamp here. | Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

You are invited to enclose this with your Entry or post direct to "Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

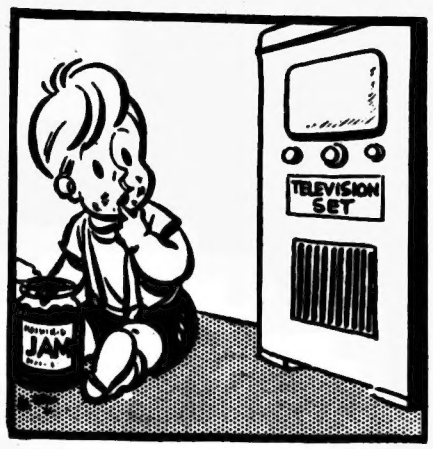
I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on 6 weeks' supply of the SLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette."

Signed .....

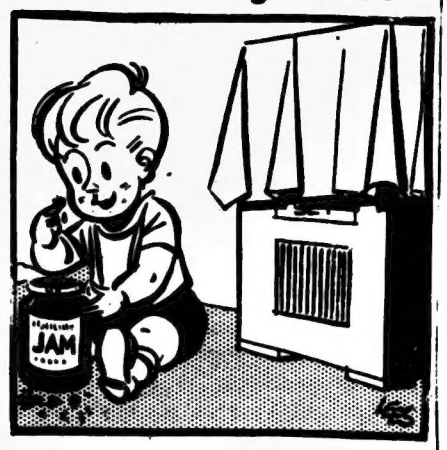
Address .....

.....

The Kid



By Lees



The Last Laugh

OKEL (Penn).—"In a call-box last week I put the operator to a lot of trouble but I made it up to her." u put an extra penny in the slot for rself?"

. G. (Baldock).—"Both my neighbours e grown some very fine peas, but ther of them can touch marrows." You have nted them out of their ch?

iss L. (Worthing).—"What size shoes do you nk I wear?" Just one too small.

. G. (Coulsdon).—"His er-box is a round hole his front door." Does get a lot of circular letters?

. L. (Luton).—"May I ask, do you y golf?" You may, and we don't. We ruted our language in the Army.

OCTOR (London, E.).—"I write poems—t to kill time, you know." But have no patients?

. G. (Liverpool).—"I was a bit drunk other night, so I took a taxi home." d was it accepted as a peace-offering?

. M. (Repton).—"I can't think why he k his gas-mask with him when he went London for the day." Perhaps he ted the House of Commons?

S. T. (Morpeth).—"What could a Customs officer do if he didn't believe your declaration that you were not not carrying prohibited articles?" Search us!

. M. (Tiptree).—"Although I attend es frequently, I never put anything Don't you find it a bit chilly at es?

. C. (Halifax).—"If a woman calls a a silly fool, surely that is an indica- that she will not marry him?" Or she has married him.

rs. L. D. (Selkirk).—"When I tele- ned the club to ask if my husband there they said he wasn't, without xing any enquiries." No woman's band is ever in the club.

. B. (Elmers End).—"My brother ob- ed when he discovered I'd been out his raincoat." But you told him you ught that was better than getting his wet?

. B. (Bicester).—"On my camping day I was looking forward to being kened by the sun kissing my face." ead, you were roused by a cow licking

L. (Blackburn).—"My father does not t me to join the fire brigade, but he think differently when he sees me a hose in my hands." He certainly not stand in your way then!

L. (Bentley).—"I've been round the d three times and get letters from rent parts of the globe practically day." Creditors are persistent e. aren't they?

Mrs. G. (Dover).—"I think there is nothing worse than a stony beach at the seaside." Except, of course, a similar sort of husband.

CHIE (Stoke).—"I was extremely yed by what my friend said about my stache, but tried hard to laugh ." Surely you didn't really expect to id of it that way?

T. (Sutton).—"If I said I wanted a de resort with perfect climate, per- scenery, and perfect attractions, d I be asking too much?" No, the ladies would do that!

T. (Bath).—"When I remonstrated my wife that I'd only one button y coat, and that it looked very untidy, do you think was the result?" She sted that you cut it off?

C M. (Hitchin).—"Can you guess what I am going to sell my old car to my neighbour for?" Spite?

Mrs. K. (Grantham).—"Doesn't the sight of an old suitcase completely covered with labels interest you?" Yes, especially when our new cook arrives with one.

ZOOLOGIST (Hampstead).—"The kangaroo is a natural boxer." But that's not how the panda got its black eyes.

G. N. (Thornbury).—"My back fence is pretty high, yet one of my neighbours is always looking over." He must have a neck!

SEVENTY (Filey).—"When I was a young man the girls knew how to blush." What on earth did you say to them?

H. D. (Folkestone).—"Do you know why I left the digs. where I'd lived for twelve months?" You found they'd no bath?

A. C. (Liskeard).—"When I met the girl it was a case of love at first sight with me; but I didn't marry her after all." You saw her again?

G. C. (Brackley).—"What is the best way of convincing my employer that I shine at my work?" Wear an old blue serge suit.

R. R. (Milford).—"I've seen some wonderful things in my time, but last night I saw something that I'll never get over." The moon?

B S. (Southsea).—"My girl has bought a very daring bathing costume and I have forbidden her to go in the water with it on." How could you!

SPINSTER (Bournemouth).—"The young man to whom I am referring is certainly no comic person, but every time I see him he makes me smile." Your photographer?

Mrs. S. (Manchester).—"Such exciting news in our house this week—baby can walk." Fine. Now he can perambulate up and down the bedroom by himself at night.

T. K. (Dalston).—"The only decent violin music I hear is when I play an instrument I made myself." You seem to be quite good at blowing your own trumpet, too.

E. M. B (Kensington).—"My shop profits always drop in August." All the more reason for picking up £750 with a neat *Bullet*. See page 39.

Mrs. K. (Wallasey).—"My neighbour asked me what she ought to do about a funny little wart that has been troubling her for years." If you take our advice, you'll steer clear of other people's domestic troubles.

F. L. (East Coast).—"It's nice to be able to report that this boarding-house is beautifully clean, roomy and well-furnished, while the food is plentiful and of the very best." How long have you been running it?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Winter washes for fruit trees. That, and other horticultural matters will shortly arise, for the summer months will soon be behind us. Our readers who are in doubt about anything in connection with their gardens should note that we have a gardening expert on our staff, as well as experts on other subjects.

All they need to do is to send a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiry, which should be addressed to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CYCLIST (Huddersfield).—"Nothing pleases me so much as to hear the rush of wind as I travel over lonely moors." So long as it is not coming out of a tyre?

JOURNALIST (Putney).—"I am writing a pamphlet for boys on the subject of 'How to Get On.'" To be followed, we suppose, by one for girls on "How to Get Off."

A. E. (Barnsley).—"What's better than getting up at six every morning, going for a brisk mile run, and finishing up with a cold bath?" Staying in bed.

S. S. (Appleby).—"My girl is telling everybody she is going to marry the handsomest man in town." We hope you'll soon find another girl.

L. B. (Chepstow).—"I was in a great hurry as I was taking a new hat home to the wife." You wanted to get there before the fashion changed?

PEGGY (Carlisle).—"Mummy told me the stork had brought me a little brother but I knew it was really the butcher." You'd seen "Families Supplied Daily" on his van, had you, Peggy?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—"Denying that she had offered a BRIDE of £2 to the store supervisor . . ."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"He is a reliable 'keeper, with a high DEPUTATION in the Lancashire Combination . . ."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—". . . manager of the colliery where he began work as a PITY boy."

EVENING CHRONICLE (Manchester):—". . . when the tyre and rim blew off, hurling him into an INFECTION PIT."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Brawls on Holbeck Moor, big families living in filthy NOVELS . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Officers of the WINESWEEPERS were entertained to luncheon."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—". . . held a bottle while a four-month-old GUN enjoyed its breakfast."

WEDNESBURY AND DARLASTON TIMES:—"Their lunch consisted of SOAP, roast beef, etc."

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY

SHIPPING CONDITIONS

The 48th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Company, Ltd., was held on the 26th ult., at Furness House, London, E.C.

Lord Essendon (the chairman) said that when they met a year ago he had expressed a hopeful view of the future on the ground that most of the elements needed to bring about a revival in international trade were merely waiting upon a return of confidence in the political sphere. It was a matter of common knowledge and common regret that the political situation throughout the whole of the past year had continued in a state of vacillation between hope and uncertainty.

The profit and loss account, frankly, was somewhat of a disappointment to the directors, showing as it did a net credit balance of £505,121, which was £115,000 less than in the previous year. They recommended a dividend of 4 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

GOVERNMENT'S ACTION.

The Government was fully alive to the difficulties, and the President of the Board of Trade had expressed its intention in no uncertain language to give its support to British shipping in the most direct and effective manner. A sum of £2,750,000 was to be made available annually for a period of five years from January, 1940, by way of subsidy for tramp ships in the deep sea and near trades, but not the coasting trade. Unlike most of the foreign subsidies, that sum was only to be made available for British ships when the level of freight rates fell below a specified index. It should ensure a living standard, but no more.

The problem of the cargo liners was of a different character and the Government had determined to appoint a small committee to advise as to the nature and extent of any assistance that might be found necessary out of a fund of £10,000,000 to be set aside for that purpose.

The report was adopted.

INDIGESTION IS DANGEROUS

A Warning,

by Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

What a tragedy it is that so many people refuse to bother about digestive troubles—wind, heartburn and pain after meals. "It's only indigestion," they say, and do no more about it. And then they wonder why they get severe bilious attacks, acute gastritis, or even stomach ulcers!

If only people would stop the trouble where it starts, they'd never have serious stomach trouble. Pain after meals, wind, heartburn, stomach-ache—all these are symptoms of acidity. Your stomach is producing too much acid, and, if you want to avoid serious complications, you *must neutralise* this excess acid. For this purpose I always use 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will almost invariably stop stomach pain immediately, because it so quickly neutralises the dangerous, ulcerating excess acid. In all cases of stomach trouble I strongly recommend prompt treatment with 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Note. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6d.

Take

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

for all

CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

★ A GENEROUS Sample of a remedy for all circulatory disorders is offered on the Back Cover. A free booklet explaining all about this remedy and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins will also be sent to those who fill in the Special Coupon.

FOR FREE SAMPLE—SEE BACK COVER

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes:—"I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble caused through my confinement, and had five fits. I lost over 3 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatio and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatio can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** KA 121

Competitors' Parliament

Friday's Joy Day

PLEASE tell us when winners in *Bullets* and JOHN BULL'S Crosswords are notified of their successes, asks J. G. S., Thornaby-on-Tees.

Winners of "Bullets" First Prizes receive the news by telegram on the Friday before publication of result in JOHN BULL, *as do outright First Prize-winners and winners of £100 or more in Crosswords. Minor prize-winners in both "Bullets" and Crosswords are normally notified on the Thursday those Contests' results appear in* JOHN BULL.

Says "Compex"

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Not Superstitious, but—

I am not superstitious. Nevertheless, I feel that I shall never receive a first prize Joy Wire because Friday is my most unfortunate day. Everything in the line of misfortune happens to me on Fridays, so I wish the prize telegrams could be sent on another day.—G. P., Birmingham.

Lots of other people have quaint ideas about Friday, but Friday must remain JOHN BULL'S *Joy Wire Day. Concentrate on making a First Prize "Bullet" and you may soon have the best kind of evidence that those ideas are nonsense.*

Women Winners

Are women competitors more brainy than they used to be? They seem to be appearing among the big winners in Crosswords more often.—G. E., Burnley.

Your question, like many others I receive, would call for employment of a trained statistician as assistant—and answer, when arrived at, would prove little, help none and interest few! Known facts are that over 50 per cent. of Crossword entrants are women, and that goodly proportion of prizes go to women Crossworders.

Punctuation Pointer

Suppose I submitted a *Bullet* containing a double-meaning word and did not put in quotation marks. Would the judge overlook this weakness in punctuation?—K. T., Epsom.

Yes. The judges always make due allowance for such omissions as well as errors in spelling and punctuation; aim at getting both right, naturally, but remember that the "Bullet" itself is the thing

All Clear?

I was a fairly regular competitor in *Bullets* until the result of a world cruise offer was announced. Two competitors used the *Example*, HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE: one added SEEKS ALL THE WAY; the other, SEARCHES ALL THE WAY. The judges awarded the former first prize; the other, my entry, was ignored. I formed the opinion that the sales of JOHN BULL were much higher in Glamorgan then than in Nottingham and stopped entering *Bullets*. — J. E. Y., Glam.

You came to three wrong conclusions.

The winning effort was HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE — SHOWS *All* "THE WAY"—*and it was not entered from Nottingham. No "Bullet" is ignored; all are carefully considered and prizes are awarded solely on merit, regardless of the district in which the entrant happens to live. Now I've cleared up those little misunderstandings, why not start your hobby again?*

No War Ban

Would it be possible to ban all mention of war both in *Examples* and *Bullets* for a week, just to give us something different to think about?—Miss M. F., Manchester.

It would not be fair to other entrants to deprive them of the opportunity of making prize comments on so vital a topic of to-day.

After all, you yourself can give the subject a wide berth and concentrate on, say, domestic themes.

Blank—Blank—Cheque!

During the last four months I have struck a bad patch in *Bullets*. I have always had the highest confidence in the judges and have easily kept the "Doubting Thomases" at bay. But lately the doubters have been rubbing in my lack of success.—E. B., Horam, Sussex.

You're forgetting that just such a blank period has often been ended by an entrant's biggest success. For instance, after winning many prizes, a postman "Bulleteer"—Mr. W. Swainston, Saltburn-by-Sea—struck a bad patch which lasted from July, 1938, until last May. Then it was broken by the arrival of his first prize telegram.

Cash For All Kinds

Are certain types of *Bullets* selected for particular positions in the prize-list? Can you enlighten me further about actual judging?—H. J., Morden.

The winning "Bullets" are put in order according to merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. You can practically please yourself about style or subject.

While many serious efforts of the "message to the nation" type deservedly reach the top, you can score with a pathetic domestic line or a light-hearted smile. Send full address and I'll post you a description of "Bullets" judging by an ex-Cabinet Minister.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Dad Went Fishing, But — Unlucky, Till Emptying Waders!

Hitler Helped Landlord!

"WHAT'S the use of all this A.R.P., now? I tell you, we've got Hitler beat and there'll be no war."

So said a customer to Mr. A. Hazell, cheery landlord of the "Green Man," Shepreth, Cambs, seen above with his wife and daughter.

Mr. Hazell had other views on Hitler and the way to circumvent his European ambitions. Later, studying JOHN BULL in his comfortable back parlour, he compressed them neatly into four simple words. The result was a fine 2-in-1 First Prize of £250 cash—and a yearly £10 Holiday Pension Cheque!

Now hear how Mr. Hazell came to make up for our 1,178th Contest his neat and topical *Bullet*, NOW BRITAIN'S STRONG—THE "DANGER IS SLACKING."

"As soon as I saw that *Example*, I recalled those remarks in the bar," he told our representative. "I thought that though the strides we have made in national service and rearmament must have brought peace nearer, it would be quite wrong to slacken our efforts. In a few minutes I had the idea down in the form of my winning *Bullet*."

Just as that chance remark about Hitler in his bar led to Mr Hazell's First Prize so, he said, a few words from a customer started him off on what for four years has been his favourite hobby.

"A stranger came in and, after ordering a drink, asked me if I knew anything about *Bullets*," the winner related. "I thought he meant the army kind: he laughed and produced a few that he had scribbled down. I made a few suggestions and he advised me to have a shot myself.

"I sent for *Bullets Bulletin* and studied the winners in JOHN BULL," he went on. "Soon after I commenced to enter, I received a free-entry prize. That encouraged me greatly and, though no cash came my way, those small prizes from time to time have kept me plodding along confidently.

"I have had the 'Green Man' for nineteen years," concluded this sixty-two-year-old *Bullets* enthusiast. "My wife and I work hard and this splendid prize will be a great help towards the day when we retire."

* * *

Think of all the good uses to which you could put the JOHN BULL cheque you can win with a coupon from the opposite page. The sum is not £250, not £300, not £500, but a fortune of £750—*and it must be won outright.* Why not by *you*?

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,179

FIRST PRIZE, £300 Cash, plus "All-In" Seaside Holiday for Two

C. F. STACE, 118, Blackbull Road, Folkestone, Kent.

Example: WAR'S PATH
Bullet: LEADS TO "EMPTY PLACES."

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

Miss E. DUGGAN, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 48, Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool.

Example: Rushing For Shelter
Bullet: Because Bleriot Braved Elements.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

C. R. WARNER, 57, Stevens Road, Dagenham, Essex.

Example: With His Head In The Clouds
Bullet: "Laying Foundation" Of Failure.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: B. GILES, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
War's Drama—Past, If "Cast" Asked.

£8: B. BONAR, 376, Edgware Road, London, W.
One Can't Be Too Careful, So — Watch *London's* "German Colony"!

£7: A. D. EVANS, 33, Osborne Street, Neath, Glam.
Going To Pieces—Our Empire? Your Nerve!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: J. ATKINSON, 6, Thornton Grove, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.
One Can't Be Too Careful, So—Go Easy, Going Greasy!

£5: E. PARTRIDGE, "Eanda," 66, Stechford Road, Ward End, Birmingham.
Clear As Daylight—"Keeping Out" Is "Healthier."

£4: G. HILL, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton.
Trust The Government And—Remember—"Grouse," Dictators' "Meat."

£3: N. HARPER, "Vista," Godwins Croft, Bransgore, Christchurch, Hants.
Rushing For Shelter—In Precedent's "Dugout," Minister.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. G. BARNES, 94b, Whiteladies Road, Bristol.
Bar On The Pier—Or Father Bars Pier!

H. CRITCHLEY, 36, Paradise Lane, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs.
Kept Waiting — Road Schemes — Studying Evacuation!

H. JACOBS, 16, Mount Street, Ryde, I.O.W.
Henpeck Scowled And—Cowered And Scoured—Coward!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

H. KENNEY, 3, New Row, Whetstone, Leicester.
Auntie's On The Pier—Recuperating—Attendant Repairing Turnstile!

S. MORGAN, 100, Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff.
Going To Wash—Sonny—To Watch, Mother!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

O. NEWNHAM, 29, Willcott Road, Acton.
Job For A Briton—Done—Or German "Taskmaster."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. NOAKES, 189, Bosty Lane, Aldridge, Walsall.
Man To Man—Bombers And Submarines, *Bachelor.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. K. PIPER, 29, The Pantiles, Finchley Road, London, N.W.
He's A Fisherman, So—Wish Bore Would *Fish!*

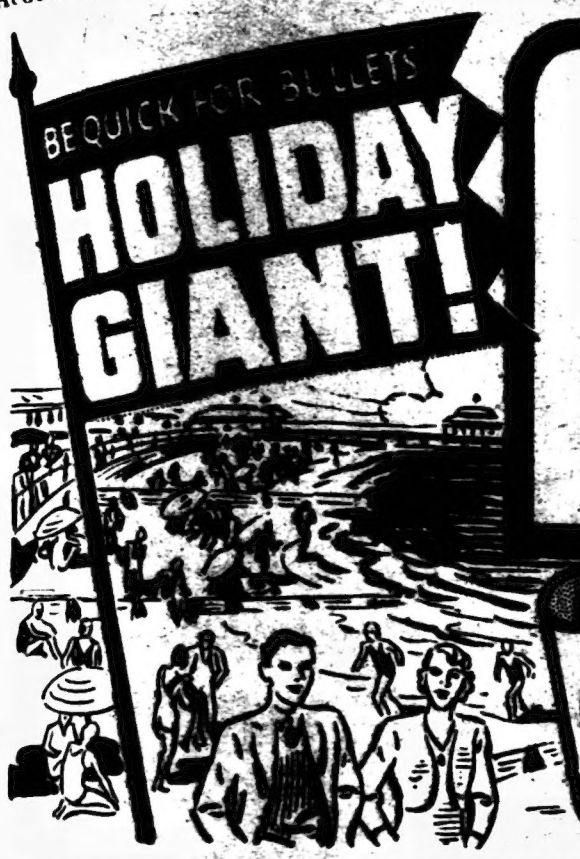
C. D. RICHARDS, 144, St. Andrews Road South, St. Annes-on-the-Sea, Lancs.
Henpeck Scowled And—Spoilt Silver Wedding Photograph!

G. R. WALKER, St. Margarets, Wellington Walk, Henleaze, Bristol.
Never, Satisfied—His Thirst—Or Boss.

List of winners of 30 Holiday Fares and 200 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.



£750

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

It can be yours for a few words on a Coupon below!

1.183

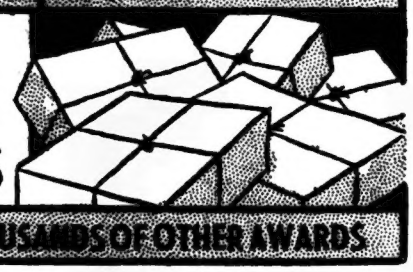
£300

This First Prize Cheque for "Bullets" No. 1183, or that for No. 1,182, 1,184, 1,185 or 1,186 will be augmented to £750 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious — THUS YOU CAN WIN £750 WITH A COUPON BELOW.

£25 | £10 | £9 | £8 | £7

£6 | £5 | £4 | £3 | 10 of £2-10

30 7-IN-1 HOLIDAY SURPRISE PARCELS



200 SURPRISE AWARDS | THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

HOW TO WIN

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to build your *Bullets*. Taking the incomplete *Example*, THINK OF . . . ARE, a Goole entrant added the word MOTHER.

Then he wrote down "*Slip Along*"—"*Smooth*" *Things*. This he improved to his neat and telling winner, THINK OF MOTHER AND — "SLIP ALONG" — LIFE DOES!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,179th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, August 12.

LET 'COMPEX' HELP YOU!

See feature on opposite page.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN LIFE'S EVENING
GOLDEN HARVEST
WAY CIVILISATION'S GOING
PANIC IN BERLIN
AGAIN AND AGAIN
IF THE WORST HAPPENS
GRANDPA'S SHORTSIGHTED, BUT
PUZZLED THE JUDGE
HIS WORK
PAYS BETTER
PARTNERS
NOW AUNTIE'S IN UNIFORM
LAST MAN IN
HUNTED
NICE PEOPLE
ALL HE LEFT
MAN I COULD MURDER
WINSTON'S A FIGHTER, SO
MITCH IN THE NEGOTIATIONS
SURPRISED DAD

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

TROUBLE IN .....
..... OF DEMOCRACY
WHAT ..... MEANS
TIME TO .....
IF ONLY SHE .....
WHEN NEVILLE .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,183 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,178 will be displayed in the window of Mr. M. V. Challis, Barrington, Cambs.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,183) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 12.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,183) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 12.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,183) | Closing postmark SAT., AUG. 12.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize coupons for Bullets No. 1,183, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

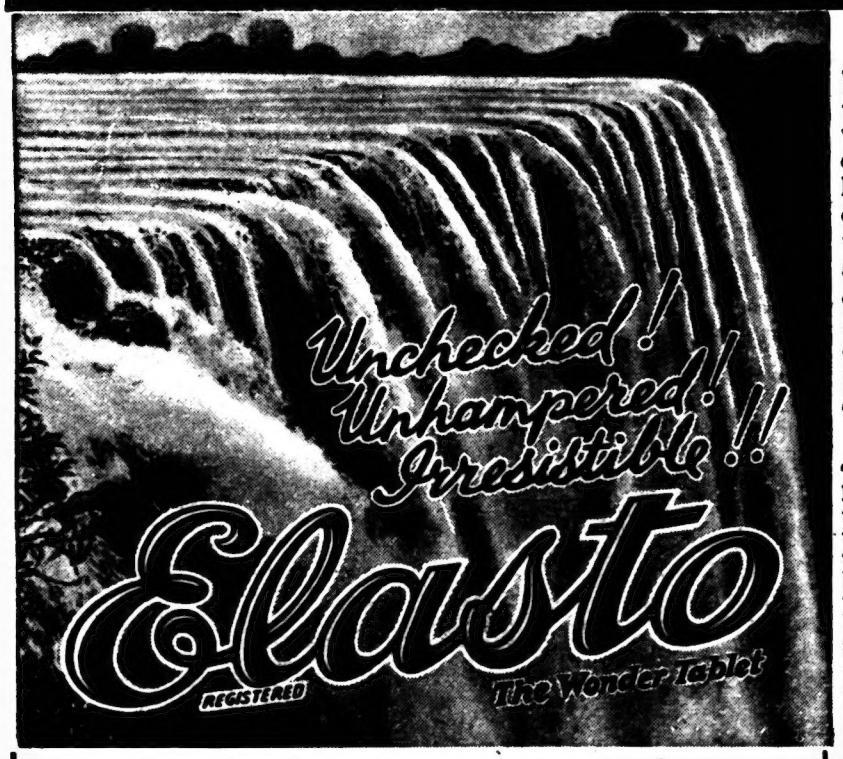
SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,183 and Crossword No. 165, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, August 12.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,183, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!



For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. A STAGNATING BLOODSTREAM PROVIDES AN IDEAL BREEDING-GROUND FOR DISEASE.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I can't describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed, my general health is greatly improved, due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel better in my general health.*"

Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

It Acts Like Magic!

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

J.B. No. 5839 *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

F.7 J.B.L.83 70★

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